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Song of the Seasons.

Gaunt winter flinging flakes of snow,
Deep burdening field and wood and hill;
Dim days, dark nights, slow trailing fogs,
And bleakened air severe and chill,
And swift the seasons circling run—
And still they change till all is done.

Young spring with promise in her eyes,
And fragrant breath from dewy mouth,
And magic touches for the nooks
Of budding flowers when wind is south.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And so they change till all is done.

Then summer stands erect and tall,
With early sunrise for the lawn,
Thick foliaged woods and glittering seas,
And loud bird chirpings in the dawn.
And swift the seasons circling run—
And so they change till all is done.

Brown autumn, quiet with ripe fruits,
And hay-yards stacked with harvest gold,
And fiery flushes for the leaves,
And silent cloud-skies soft outrolled.
And so the seasons circling run—
And still they change till all is done.

Swift speeds our life from less to more.
The child, the man, the work, the rest,
The sobering mind, the ripening soul,
Till yonder all is bright and blest.
For so the seasons circling run—
And swift they change till all is done.

Yes, yonder—if indeed the orb
Of life revolves round central light,
For ever true to central force
And steadfast, comes the balm or blight.
And so indeed the seasons run—
And last is best when all is done.

HIS FIRST WIFE'S RELATIONS.

Hubert Stickney's choice of a second wife was not generally approved. If Mr. Stickney had been an ordinary citizen there would undoubtedly have been talk enough in regard to the unsuitableness of the match; but Mr. Stickney was not an ordinary citizen. He was selectman, surveyor, master of the Grange, general administrator and adviser on all legal, moral and domestic subjects. The governor himself could scarcely be more in demand than this well-informed and high-minded Vermont farmer. Now for such a man to choose a companion from fashionable city life was inevitably to cast some doubt on the soundness of his judgment in the past, and so friends and neighbors shook their heads sadly, and told each other that Stickney's influence was a thing of the past.

Now this gentleman, honorable as he had certainly proved himself in every department of life, had not been quite frank with his lady-love. He had told her with some pride the exact amount of his income. He had pictured the fine old homestead with the warmth of one who loves what he is describing. His intended wife had known just how many elms there were in front of the house, as well as their ages and histories. The lawn, the orchards, the mountains, the little lake in the heart of the woods, she was perfectly acquainted with. In fact, there was nothing omitted from the picture but the human figures occupying the foreground. These were the first wife's relations, and no one knew better than Mr. Stickney how prominent were the positions they occupied.

The gentleman's voice did not seem quite natural when he presented his wife to the ladies assembled at the homestead to meet the travelers.

"Florence," he said, "allow me. This is Mrs. Mazonson," presenting the elderly lady, who certainly did not look very gracious, "and Miss Maria and Miss Susan Mazonson," indicating two ladies of uncertain age, equally stiff and uncordial.

Miss Susan Mazonson! The young wife, whose appreciation of the humorous was very keen, had all she could do to keep from laughing in the faces of the unbending trio with the comical names. It was very good of Mr. Stickney to invite friends to meet her, she told herself, as she pleasantly greeted her seeming guests. But why had he selected such a funereal-looking party? At the tea-table Mrs. Stickney, fresh as a rose in her pretty summer silk and dainty laces, sat beside her husband. The elder Mazonson presided at the tea-urn. This was more inexplicable than the rest; but perhaps it was the fashion in Vermont to treat the lady of the house as a guest for a time, and so this insult was good-naturedly accounted for. The table, though unexceptionably appointed, and covered with every imaginable good thing, was waited upon by her guests. This was doubtless another act of courtesy, the new-comer told herself, but the sight of a servant would have been an inexpressible relief. It was very annoying to be served by one's visitors, but this being the fashion, she must make the best of it. After starting numberless topics of conversation, and having them all fall dead—even her husband seemed suddenly struck dumb—Mrs. Stickney was obliged to give up the contest. How different this was from the home coming she had so lovingly anticipated! Such jolly times as they had had all through their six weeks' wedding tour, and now, in "the twinkling of an eye," everything had changed, or seemed to change. Of course it was all seeming, the young wife told herself, but it was surely very disagreeable. After the wretched meal was over Mrs. Stickney, almost ready to cry, invited her husband to take a walk, but here was Mrs. Mazonson at his elbow.

"Hiram had to go away this noon," she said, "so I suppose you'll have to milk, Hubert."

Mrs. Mazonson was very tall, very thin, very dark, and her voice was so unutterably deep and hollow that Mrs. Stickney could not rid herself of the notion that it belonged to somebody else. The city-bred young lady knew that cows had to be milked, but she had never associated her husband with the one that performed the operation, and now turned an astonished face to that gentleman and the assembled Mazonsons.

"It must be fun to milk," she remarked, determined to put the best possible face on affairs. "I'll go and see you."

"Not in that dress, I hope," said Mrs. Mazonson, as Mr. Stickney left the room. "I was going to say, a little while ago," she went on, "that seeing as you was dressed up, you needn't mind about the dishes."

The dishes? What in the world did this dreadful woman mean? Before she had time to inquire, her tormentor had left the room; and now, more perplexed than ever, Mrs. Stickney went in search of her husband. She found him at last in the barnyard, and in the excitement of a new sensation almost forgot the disagreeable things that had preceded it. In a dilapidated straw hat, patched coat, and blue overalls, she did not at first recognize her husband; but when she did, she clapped her hands like a child, and laughed as merry a laugh as was ever heard on the Stickney farm.

"Is that the way the people always dress when they milk?" she inquired, touching the old coat caressingly with her little white hands.

"One must dress according to one's work on a farm, Florence," Mr. Stickney remarked, sententiously.

Something in her husband's words or manner must have recalled her late annoyances, for the smile faded away from her lips, and her eyes grew sad and troubled. "Hubert," she said, softly, "who are those—those ladies at the house?"

"Why, they are the Mazonsons, Florence—Mrs. Mazonson and her two daughters," the master of the grange replied.

"It was very kind of you to ask Mrs. Mazonson and her daughters to meet me," the young wife resumed, with a touch of something in her tone that her companion was not familiar with, "but I can't understand why they should seem so very much at home, Hubert."

Mr. Stickney moved the three-legged stool to the side of another cow and commenced milking again, before he replied.

"Didn't I mention to you, Florence, that these ladies lived with me?" he inquired. "I know I didn't dwell on the subject," he went on, "but I must have spoken of it."

"Mention to me that these ladies lived with you!" Mrs. Stickney repeated, oblivious to the rest of her husband's remark, a hard look settling round the pretty mouth. "May I ask, Mr. Stickney, who these ladies are? I know they are the Mazonsons," she added, in the same singular tone, "but what are they to you?"

"They are relatives of my first wife," the gentleman replied, in a voice that had the calmness of desperation in it. "I must have taken for granted that you knew, Florence. Mrs. Mazonson was Mrs. Stickney's mother, and Maria and Susan her sisters."

"And they have always lived here?"

"For some time before and ever since Mrs. Stickney died Mrs. Mazonson has been my housekeeper, and the girls have been her assistants."

"Why was there no servant, Mr. Stickney, to wait on the table this evening?" was the lady's next question.

"We have no servants, Florence."

"And all the work of your house is performed by the Mazonsons?"

"Yes."

"Who did it before the Mazonsons came?"

"Mrs. Stickney, my dear."

For a moment there was silence in the barn-yard. Then there was a rustle of retreating silk, a light step going swiftly toward the house, and thus the singular interview ended. This was a very unpleasant commencement, Mr. Stickney told himself, and for a while this gentleman's milking was purely mechanical. From the bottom of his heart he wished he and his wife could be alone. On the other hand there was a great deal to do in the house, much more than Florence could ever manage if she worked night and day. At this point Mr. Stickney really did have serious doubts as to the wisdom of this second marriage of his. For the first time he asked himself whether it would be right to impose the drudgery of farm work on this young and delicately-nurtured woman. He had thought very little about the domestic part of the programme. He was accustomed to seeing the women about him constantly occupied, and Florence knew she was accepting a farmer when she agreed to marry him. Then, too, Mrs. Mazonson was exceedingly competent; indeed, no housekeeper could be more so; and Mr. Stickney summed it all up by assuring himself that Florence could get along with the Mazonsons easily enough if she had only a mind to think so.

In the meantime Mrs. Stickney had locked herself into her room, and with clinched hands and flashing eyes was recalling every moment of the time since she first met the man she had married. She had been grossly deceived and imposed upon, and worst of all, the deception and imposition had come from the one who had promised to love, honor and cherish her to the day of her death. The drawn lips grew tender and pitiful as she thought how utterly she had loved and trusted him, and how entirely she had believed in his affection for herself. "To live with these solemn and automatic Mazonsons would be worse than keeping house in a tomb, with skeletons for company," she sobbed. She could not and would not endure it. No man had a right to ask such a sacrifice from his wife. But she hadn't been asked. She had been cheated into her present position. She would leave the house where she had been and would continue to be unutterably wretched, and go straight back to her father. Little did he think that the rich and honorable Hubert Stickney would heap such indignities upon his daughter. She would go. No, she would stay, and show the Mazonsons, and her husband too, what kind of stuff she was made of.

That evening Mr. Stickney was detained below by callers. It was 10 o'clock before he was at liberty, and, then, to his great delight, Florence was fast asleep. The poor child had forgotten her troubles, and the morning would show things in a more promising light. He would do everything he could to make up for the Mazonsons, and after a little everything would go smoothly enough. Mr. Stickney would not have been so certain of this if he had seen the tear-stained face and quivering lids. Ignorant of all this, and in spite of his ten years' experience as a husband, utterly ignorant of the delicacy and sensitiveness of a true woman's nature, Mr. Stickney went calmly and comfortably to sleep.

The next morning, after waiting to be called to breakfast, Mrs. Stickney, in the daintiest of muslin wrappers, presented herself in the dining-room. Her husband had just finished his early morning's work, and now greeted her with a smile and a kiss. The elder Mazonson looked exceedingly flushed and flurried, and Maria and Susan Mazonson flew briskly round at the bidding of their superior officer.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Stickney, in her calmest and coolest manner, "I thought breakfast was ready. I hope I am not intruding."

A smile played round the lips of Miss Susan, who, in spite of her dreadful name, was not altogether so hideous as Florence had thought at first sight. The rightful occupant of the chair at the head of the table waited to see if Mrs. Mazonson would occupy it, and finding that she did, went calmly round and sat by her husband.

"Yes, breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Mazonson, in a voice between a growl and a groan. "It's been ready some time."

"I hope you slept well last night, Mrs. Stickney?" This from Maria Mazonson, whose voice Florence heard now for the first time.

"Very well, thank you," Mrs. Stickney cordially replied.

"You slept late enough, if that's any sign," said Mrs. Mazonson in her most sepulchral tone.

"I always sleep late, Mrs. Mazonson," Florence replied, as she slowly poured the cream into her coffee.

"You can't sleep late on this farm very well," the elder lady began again, her face ablaze. "I've been up since half-past four," she went on, "and now it's half-past seven. I've skimmed eighteen pans of milk, washed all the pans, and made twenty-five pounds of butter this morning."

"You must be very tired," Mrs. Stickney remarked, looking the irate dame innocently in the face.

"Well, I guess I'm tired," the housekeeper replied. "The girls helped me all they could, and—"

"Oh, ma," Susan interrupted, flushing painfully as she spoke, "why shouldn't we help you, I should like to know?"

At this point Mrs. Stickney made up her mind that she was going to like one of the Mazonsons after all.

"—they got this breakfast, I want you to understand." Mrs. Mazonson finished what she had to say in spite of interruptions.

"It is a very nice breakfast," Florence remarked. "I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much."

Mr. Stickney glanced at his wife. There was something in the tone which reminded him of the barnyard tete-a-tete. There must certainly be an understanding between himself and his wife right away, he thought. It would never do to let things go on in this style. Mrs. Mazonson must be rebuked also. Her attitude was certainly very objectionable, and should be corrected immediately. Meantime Mrs. Stickney ate her breakfast with relish, and passed her cup for some more coffee. "Which of you ladies," indicating the Misses Mazonson, "made this coffee?" she asked, pleasantly. "It certainly is delicious."

"Neither of 'em made it," Mrs. Mazonson answered, promptly. "Do you think I'd trust anybody to make coffee but myself?"

Mrs. Stickney had decided that her platform should be plainly understood both by her husband and the Mazonsons before she left the dining-room. It promised to be a hard battle to fight; but the young wife had courage enough now for a host of husbands and a regiment of first wife's relations.

"Are you going to be very busy to-day, Hubert?" Mrs. Stickney asked her husband, as the meal drew to a close.

"I have been away so long that my days will be occupied for some time to come," the gentleman replied.

"Perhaps, then, Miss Susan or Miss Maria would go to ride with me this morning!" and Florence threw a glance full of sweetness at the Misses Mazonson. "It is such a lovely morning!" she continued; "and after a little it will be too warm, I fear."

Mrs. Stickney waited a moment for some kind of a response, and receiving none, said: "You would like to accompany me, would you not, Miss Susan?"

This young lady was on the point of replying, but her mother came in ahead. "Hubert," she began "I should think it was high time you gave your wife to understand what kind of a place she has come to live in. I don't suppose this wife can gad off and leave the work"—and now Mrs. Mazonson's voice shook with grief or anger, Florence didn't know which—"any more than your first wife, my daughter, Mr. Stickney. She never left the work until it was done."

"Perhaps if she had left it occasionally she might be living now," the second Mrs. Stickney coolly suggested. At this crisis Mrs. Mazonson sniffled, and Miss Susan left the table.

"Florence will become accustomed to our ways after a while,' Mr. Stickney responded, with so much consideration in his tone for the tyrant at the head of the table that his wife felt ashamed of him. "She'll work into it after a while," he added, endeavoring to appear at his ease.

"That furbelowed white gown looks like working into it!" said Mrs. Mazonson, defiantly.

"I am not afraid to trust my wife to do the proper thing, Mrs. Mazonson," Mr. Stickney remarked, with a tardy decency.

"If I may be allowed," the young wife began, with the deliberation of one making a mighty effort for self-control, "I should like to say a word." As the brave little woman surveyed the assembled group, there crept into her face a look that one of the party never forgot. This one was her husband, who started to lay a determined hand on her arm, but for some inexplicable reason gave it up. "When I take my rightful place as mistress of my husband's house," Mrs. Stickney went on, "then it will be time enough to talk of my duties. You may consider me a summer boarder, if you please," she added, smilingly, "but in whatever light you may regard me"—and now the sweet mouth grew firm, and the fine eyes struck fire—"please remember that I am the wife of the proprietor of this establishment and the owner of these acres, and expect to be treated, if not with kindness, at least with civility."

"I should like to see you make twenty-five pounds of butter before breakfast!" said Mrs. Mazonson, when she could recover herself. Mr. Stickney played with his spoon, and looked steadily into his coffee cup, but said not a word.

"You will never see me make twenty-five pounds of butter before breakfast," Mrs. Stickney responded, "and I think it very doubtful if I ever make any butter after breakfast either. I don't intend to give up my music, my painting, my reading, my writing or anything else that I have been educated to enjoy, and I want this understood also."

"I wonder what you will do if I go away?" Mrs. Mazonson inquired, dubiously but respectfully.

"Mr. Stickney is abundantly able to pay for all necessary service," Florence replied. "If he doesn't choose to do this, then there is a last resort: I can go home to my father any time."

"I ain't got anywhere to go," said Mrs. Mazonson, now thoroughly subdued; "but I suppose I can find a place in a few days, if I may stay here till then. Maria is going to her uncle's to-morrow." The basso-profundo was all broken up, and tears rained down the old lady's face.

Mrs. Stickney rose from her seat, and walked round the table to the housekeeper's side. "As far as I am concerned, you are more than welcome to stay," she said, kindly, laying her hand on one tyrannical shoulder. "You know better than any one else how things are done, and have my husband's interest more at heart. I am sure that Miss Susan and I will be good friends," she added, sweetly, "and I see no reason why we may not be a very comfortable family. You understand, I hope, that I do not intend to do any hard work. If it were necessary I would, but it is not. I shall never interfere with your butter or coffee, my dear Mrs. Mazonson, and I am sure you will not with my affairs."

An hour later, Mrs. Stickney and Miss Susan were driving toward Lake Dunmore, as jolly a pair as one would wish to see.

"I am glad you settled it, Florence," Mr. Stickney whispered, as they stood on the piazza previous to setting out.

"No doubt," she replied with a touch of the old tone he had learned to suspect. "Yesterday, Hubert," she added, "I made a discovery."

"What is it?" he asked.

"That you are a very great coward," she replied.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Live Volcano.

The Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) *Advertiser* has the following graphic description of the appearance of the great lakes of lava recently formed by the volcano of Kilauea:

Tourists to the volcano for many years past all remember certain active pools of lava, the North and South lakes, which ordinarily bubbled and tossed a fiery flood at a depth of about 120 feet below the floor of the great crater. Now these lakes have all been filled up, and there have arisen peaks and cones of hard lava that rise over 100 feet above the south bank of the great crater, which is about 1,000 feet high. But there has burst forth a new opening in the great crater floor not far distant from the old lakes, and a new lake, almost round in form, about 600 feet across and some seventy feet in depth, in ordinary stages, below the surrounding brink.

Here the great Hawaiian volcano presents the most varied fantastic play of liquid lava. Here are some of the phases of the play of a fire lake, as recently observed in the great crater of Kilauea. Sometimes it almost seems to sleep, and the disappointed visitor looks down into a black valley and observes a smoking pit giving no more evidence of combustion than a tar kiln. But the observer stands on the brink of the pit, or great pool or lake, as now appears, about 600 feet across, and whose surface is about seventy feet below him. And what is this surface? It presents a dark silver-gray hue, with a satiny shine. This is a crust of quiescent lava, and the observer who has expected to have his sense of wonder strained to speechlessness, says: "Is this all?" No! look! the frozen, glassy lake is alive.

What a heave in the center—some mighty beast lifting up that floor! Now a wave of undulation runs round the incrusted marge. And there is an outburst, a blood-red fount, gushing and bubbling from one of earth's arteries. The broad disk of the lake heaves and trembles. Fitful gaseous flashes flit across, and now the moving floor cracks and a serrated fissure like the suture of a skull runs from marge to marge, and quick, darting streaks, sudden cracks of the crust, shoot across in all directions. These serrated streaks are at first rosy lines on the gray surface, then they widen like crimson ribbons, broadening to the view. They undulate with the billowy motion of the whole upheaving surface. Another crimson fount springs up along the now fretting and roaring rim of the lake; and another and another of now wildly upleaping fountains of fire toss high their gory crests, even casting gouts and clots of the red spray that fall and harden near the observer's feet. By this time the spirit of our inferno is aroused. The whole fierce red lake is all boil and leap and roar. It is more than the roar of loud sea surfs beating bold bluffs. The surging tide of the molten earth sounds a deeper, bellowing bass than any note of the sounding sea. And now the heaved-up crust, broken into fragments, is churned up and dissolved in the boiling flood. The roaring gulf is now, indeed, a vortex of indescribable glories and terrors. Caves open on the sides of the surrounding wall, and a man sees more of a hell than he ever imagined. A thousand demons are now holding high carnival in this bottomless pit—and the leap and play of a fiery flood—the dance and swell of a red, surging tide, and the roar and shriek of the dread forces issuing from the red-hot pulsating heart of the planet, make a thoughtful observer hold his hand to his own heart and say, "This is enough; the Almighty is here."

The Mississippi and Tributaries.

A pamphlet on the Mississippi river and its tributaries gives the following statement of the mileage of the navigable portion of each of the following-named rivers above its mouth: Missouri, 3,129; Mississippi, 2,161; Ohio, 1,021; Red, 986; Arkansas, 884; White, 779; Tennessee, 889; Cumberland, 900; Yellowstone, 474; Ouachita, 383; Wabash, 365; Allegheny, 325; Osage, 363; Minnesota, 295; Sunflower, 271; Illinois, 270, Yazoo, 226; Black (Ark), 112; Green, 200; St. Francis, 180; Tallahatchie, 175; Wisconsin, 160; Deer Creek, 116; Tensas, 119; Monongahela, 110; Kentucky, 105; Bartholomew, 100; Kanawha, 94; Muskingum, 94; Chippewa, 90; Iowa, 80; Big Hatchie, 75; St. Croix, 65; Rock, 65; Black (La.), 61; Macon, 60; Bœuf, 53; Big Horn, 50; Clinton, 50; Little Red, 49; Big Cypress and Lake, 44; Big Black, 35; Dauchitte, 33. Total number of rivers, 33; total number of miles of navigation at present, 15,710.

When you are telling a friend a joke poke him in the ribs. He'll be more interested in the yarn, and can put a mustard plaster on the sore spot when he goes home.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A Florida Typhoon.

On the approach of autumn the Floridian quakes with apprehension. It is the dread season for hurricanes. Tearing through the West Indies, they often strike the coast with scarcely a note of warning, houses are overthrown, sailboats blown from the water, and orange groves swept bare of leaves and fruit. Some of the old settlers say that they can detect the signs of the storm a day before it breaks upon them.

"You feel it in the air before it comes," says one. This is, however, an indefinite sign. The devastation lining its track certainly proves that "you feel it after it comes." One of these typhoons visits the coast every year. The day may be bright and beautiful, and the flowers heavy with bees and humming birds. Shimmering mosquito hawks quiver in the air, and the scarlet cardinal twitters in the acacias. A cooling breeze plays through the leaves of the trees, and gently swings the unripe oranges. Clouds of gulls soar above the dark green mangrove bushes, and the sand bars, at low tide, are covered with pensive curlews and willets. The drowsy roar of the surf is heard, and the gentle swell of the ocean is rippled with golden sheen.

Almost imperceptibly the wind dies away. Cries of terns and water birds fall upon the ear with painful distinctness. The mud hens in the marshes pipe an alarm. Not a blade of salt grass moves. The blue sky grows hazy, and the eastern horizon is milky white. Fitful gusts begin to ripple the water and handle the green leaves. A low moan comes from the ocean. Smoky clouds roll into the sky from the southeast and a strong wind whitens the ruffled water. Every minute it increases in fury. An ominous yellow light tinges the atmosphere. The sun is gone, and great drops of rain are hurled to the ground. Within fifteen minutes there is a gale, and soon the whole force of the hurricane is felt. Great eagles and pelicans are swept through the heavens utterly powerless. Sparrows and other small birds are lashed to death by leafless twigs, and the torn bodies of showy herons and wild turkeys lodge in the branches of the live oak and cypress trees.

All living things disappear. Tall pines are twisted asunder. The lithe limbs of willows and oleanders snap like cow-whips. Lofty palmettos bend their heads to the ground, their great fans inside out, like the ribs of an umbrella. The force of the wind keeps the trees down until every green fan pops like a pistolshot. The leaves of the scraggy scrub are wiped out, and their stems whipped into little bushes. The tough saw palmetto is blown as flat as a Northern wheat field, and the dead grass of the savannas is lashed into fine dust. Boards in the surf are struck by the wind and sent spinning hundreds of feet in the air. The sand dunes are caught up bodily and sifted through the tops of pine trees miles away. The foam of the sea is blown beneath the houses on the mainland, and comes up between the cracks of the floor like steam.

Woe to the owners of sailboats and boat houses. At Lake Worth, the Cruiser, a heavy, round-bottomed sailboat, thirty-two feet long, was picked up from her ways, rigging and all, and carried across the lake, a mile away, without touching the water. A boat was torn from her moorings, lifted from the water, and dropped into a salt marsh eight hundred yards away. In the fall of 1876 the Ida Smith, a large schooner running between New Smyrna and Jacksonville was torn from her anchors and stranded on a marsh five hundred yards from the ship channel. The coast-survey steamer, in a good harbor sheltered by sand banks, threw out three anchors and kept her wheels working against the wind under a full head of steam. She dragged her anchors several hundred yards, and barely escaped destruction.

The hurricanes last from seven to eight hours, even longer. During the lull rain falls in torrents. The tide rises to a great height, carrying away wharves and boat houses and flooding the country for miles. The ocean leaps the sandy barriers of the coast, and floods the Indian and other salt water rivers, involving great damage. After the storm centerboards and jibstays are found in spruce pines, oleanders are loaded with cordage, and deadeyes and peablocks drop from the leafless orange trees. Gardens are destroyed, fences swept away and the tormented Floridian has three months' work and no pay to pair damages.—*Boston Transcript.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The Greeks called scissors a "double razor."

The pea is supposed to be a native of France.

Candle is from a Greek word meaning to shine.

There is red and green as well as black ebony.

Charcoal deepens the tint of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias.

The owl, which easily digests meat, cannot digest bread or grain.

The earth is surrounded by an atmosphere of 800,000,000 cubic inches.

The beryx, a fish of the Atlantic and Pacific, possesses fossil fac-similes in chalk.

Animal fats or oils are contained chiefly in the cellular membrane beneath the skin.

The horsefly has 4,000 eye lenses, the cabbage butterfly 17,000, and certain beetles 25,000.

Lime is a preserver of wood. It has been noticed that vessels carrying it last longer than any others.

Cocoa beans possess twice as much nitrogen as grain, and therefore chocolate furnishes much nutriment.

Dr. Cornelius Herz, in France, transmitted audible speech 800 miles with the aid of his telephonic system.

In some water plants the flowers expand at the surface of the water, and after fading retreat again to the bottom.

A mixture of one part of alcohol and nine parts of crystallized carbolic acid is stated to afford great relief in cases of bites from insects.

A row of guncotton reaching from Edinburgh to London, it is said, could be fired in two minutes, so rapid is the transmission of detonation from one part to another.

The world knows no victory to be compared with that over our own passions and failings.

Incidents of the Michigan Forest Fires

The scene was more terrible than anything often known. The wind increased so as in some places to destroy buildings and actually take people off their feet, and those who saw it describe the rush of the conflagration as a hurricane of flame, and say that the very air seemed to be on fire. At the village of Bad Ax, where the Huron county buildings were, it began to grow dark in the forenoon from smoke, and in a few hours the pitchy blackness was like that of a close cellar, so that it was impossible to see a foot. It was known that there were fires three miles south, but there was no thought of danger until suddenly there came a lurid glare, the flame and wind immediately followed, and in thirty minutes fifty-three of the fifty-five buildings in the place were in ashes. The court house was of brick, covered with slate, and there people went for protection. The building escaped destruction, and those within it were saved, although they suffered badly from heat. There were no lives lost here, but this was exceptional good fortune. Reports from some places are too horrible to read. Numbers of people flying from death were overtaken, and died in the roads, some perished miserably in wells and other places, where they had sought safety, and in their flight a few women were taken with the pangs of childbirth.

Everywhere it is a sickening story of suffering and of roasting human flesh in every conceivable way. In some places the heat was almost incredibly intense, and the smoke was everywhere unendurable and caused many deaths by suffocation. The work of destruction was very uneven. Some towns in the district escaped with a loss which seems trifling, while in others apparently no more exposed there are but a few scattering buildings left. The same was true of the villages, some strangely escaping, while others were strangely destroyed. In some fields the grass roots and it is said the soil itself are burned so that it is impossible to tell whether the land was plowed or not, while in others near at hand crops of grain are left in the shock untouched.

A remarkable thing in the story of the calamity is the presence of mind that was everywhere shown. The people were accustomed to danger from fire, many of them had been through the similar experience of 1872, and there were fewer lives lost than might have been expected. There seems to have been but little panic and few threw their lives away. Nearly all sought to preserve themselves and property intelligently, to have done about the best that was possible and very much better than could have been expected. Domestic animals and fowls nearly all perished, and it is noted that they died in groups each with its kind—rarely did cows, horses or chickens die alone, but all sought the companionship of their kind. Great numbers of birds and insects took their way to the lake, and, overcome by the smoke no doubt, died and were found floating on the surface. *Correspondence Springfield Republican*

Edwin Forrest and White Cloud.

Many years ago, while Edwin Forrest was playing an engagement in a Western theater, White Cloud and a number of other Indian chiefs were on their return from Washington. Stopping in the town over night, they were conducted to the theater to see the great American tragedian. Mr. Forrest was then in the prime of life, his voice being up to the maximum of a stentor. The play on that evening was "Metamora," which is now in the possession of John McCullough. White Cloud and his band of warriors were accommodated with seats in a stage box. The theater was crowded, and it was very evident that the auditors were anxious to observe what effect the performance would have on the simon-pure children of the forrest. The play proceeded, and although the Indians could not understand a single word that was said, yet they appeared to be much interested, occasionally giving to one another a satisfactory grunt. After awhile they became rather uneasy, which seemed to be simultaneous among them all. This was more apparent when the Indian war-whoop came from behind the scenes. The eyes of the audience were upon White Cloud, who two or three times grasped the tomahawk in his belt. The other warriors did so likewise. The party were getting more excited as the play proceeded. They looked at each other with anxiety; their eyes indexed the fact that their "souls were in arms." Presently Metamora, with uplifted tomahawk, rushed upon the stage, and when he gave that war-whoop, which none but a Forrest could do, the Indians could remain in their seats no longer. Forrest gave a second and a shrill whoop, whereupon White Cloud and his band, joining in full chorus, sprang upon the stage, and, brandishing their tomahawks and glittering knives, rushed toward Metamora. Forrest was dumbfounded for a moment, but he soon took in the situation, and finding that the real Indians were on his side, ready to do or die in his behalf, he felt that he had achieved one of his greatest triumphs in the profession he so much loved during his eventful life. In detailing this anecdote Forrest said that he was not really aware at the time of the performance that he was using an exact "whoop" for reinforcements, but the wild Indians understood it and responded as followers of Metamora. The house was thrown into the wildest excitement, which soon cooled down, with the general belief that it was the best performance and most effective rendition of the Indian play ever made by the distinguished actor.

The Camel and the Needle's Eye.

The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who have read it literally.

In oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically "needle's eyes," just as we talk of windows on ship-board as "bull's eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances it kneels down, its load is removed and then it shuffles through on its knees.

"Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle, that is, the low, arched door of an inclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

A Western statistician has calculated that the annual loss to the country by fires set by the sparks of locomotives is between twenty and thirty millions of dollars; and yet it has been shown by the successful and prolonged experiment of the London Underground Railroad company that locomotives can be fitted at a small expense so as to consume their own sparks and smoke without any necessary loss of speed.

A little girl of three years, who had been attacked and was about to be killed by a so-called tame deer in San Antonio, Texas, was rescued by her brother, only two years older than herself. The plucky little fellow seized the angry beast by the horns, and, in spite of vigorous pitching and tossing, held on with great spirit and determination until his mother and a servant interfered and reduced the animal to subjection.

The chief medical officer of the New Jersey State lunatic asylum points out the fact that, notwithstanding the great prevalence of malaria in that section, not a single case of that disease has been found among the lunatics, who last year numbered 672. Attendants and laborers about the institution suffered severely. The explanation is found to lie in the fact that, not that insanity protects from malaria, but that the lunatics are never allowed to be out of doors after nightfall.

One of the most remarkable petitions on record has been presented to the police commissioners of St. Louis, signed, it is said, by many prominent business men. It asks plainly that "square gambling" may be allowed. The petitioners say that they are opposed to the offensive and disreputable feature of gambling, but not to "square gambling, operated under proper auspices, as it has been by certain citizens of good character and reputation, who are interested in the prosperity and welfare of the city."

Failure to get a divorce from his wife has led a Moravian peasant to commit an extraordinary crime. Returning home from the court, he set fire to his own house, in which his wife then was, and the flames got so far beyond control that they not only destroyed this house but thirty-six other houses in the neighborhood, and the barns adjoining, in which were the results of the year's harvest. The poor woman escaped from her burning dwelling house in safety, but in another house a woman was burned to death. Several persons were severely injured elsewhere.

Leprosy exists among the Chinese to a greater extent than is generally supposed. It is one of the most dreaded of diseases in China. There is a current belief there that if a person afflicted with it can kill a young girl and eat her heart the evidences of the disease will not appear in the face, and that he can thus escape being known as a leper. This notion has probably been the cause of many murders. The leper's demand for alms is seldom refused, most Chinamen dreading the victim of this loathsome affection, and fearing that, if denied assistance, he may in some way infect them with his leprosy, as, for instance, by tainting their food.

Even in small things they are taking after America every day in England. Hitherto it was necessary in the parks in London to pay one penny or two-pence for the use of a chair to rest and enjoy a look at the handsome gardens, rich in flowers and shrubs. During the height of the season these rows of chairs, at some points three and four feet deep, extending from the corner of Rotten row to the rails opposite the French ambassador's house at Albert Gate, have been filled by crowds paying small sums to witness one of the most splendid sights in the world. The minister of public works announces that hereafter seats will be provided for the public after the fashion in the parks of New York.

French journals contain accounts of a terrible accident which occurred at the railway station of Seclin. A young man named August Provost opened the door of his carriage and got off on the side of the other track. He had hardly got on the track when an express train from Paris swept by with lightning rapidity and literally reduced him to atoms. The largest piece found of his body was a foot. The heart was found on the road, torn from the breast and still beating. The fragments were collected and as far as possible restored to their proper place, the body being thereupon taken to the hospital of Seclin for identification. His wife and brother-in-law, suspecting that he might be the victim, came to inspect the body, but it was impossible to distinguish his features. His dog was then sent for, who as soon as he was brought in presence of the body, set up a most dismal howl and begun to lick the bloody remains of his master. The man was father of six children.

In 1865 the number of letters sent through the post all over the world was estimated at 2,300,000,000. The available data for 1877 shows that the postal correspondence had risen to over 4,020,000,000, which gives an average of 11,000,000 per day, or 127 per second. Europe contributed 3,036,000,000 letters to this enormous mass of correspondence; America about 760,000,000; Asia, 150,000,000; Africa, 25,000,000; and Australia, 50,000,000. Assuming that the population of the globe was between 1,300,000,000 and 1,400,000,000, this would give an average of three letters per head for the entire human race. The length of telegraph lines, both by sea and land, must be at least 700,000 kilometers (437,500 miles), not reckoning the double, treble, etc., lines. There were 28,000 telegraph stations, and the number of messages may be set down for the year at between 110,000,000 and 115,000,000, being an average of over 305,000 messages per day, 12,671 per hour and nearly 212 per minute. These quantities are increasing daily.

Too Early.

"Come, now, it is time for you to go to bed," said an Austin lady to her little children; "you must go to bed. Don't you know all the little chickens have gone to bed?"

"Yes, but the old hen went to bed with them."—*Texas Siftings.*

Troubled.

My mind was ruffled with small cares to-day,
And I said pettish words, and did not keep
Long suffering patience well; and now low deep
My trouble for this sin! In vain I weep
For foolish words I never can unsay.

Yet not in vain, Oh, surely not in vain!
This sorrow must compel me to take heed;
And surely I shall learn how much I need
Thy constant strength my own to supersede,
And all my thoughts to patience to constrain.

Yes, I shall learn at last, though I neglect
Day after day, to seek my help from thee;
Oh, aid me, that I always recollect
This gentle heartedness; and Oh correct
Whatever else of sin thou seest in me!

—*Henry Sutton.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A gold meddle—A burglar in amiser's coffers.—*Marathon Independent.*

Missouri train robbers are men of iron nerve and steal disposition.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," unless the fellow is feeling in our pocket for our watch.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

There was a large attendance at the schools to-day. Every boy who hadn't lost an eye brought two pupils.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Brown loudly boasts that his heart is always in his hand. Fogg says that Brown is so close-fisted that he is in no danger of ever losing it.—*Boston Transcript.*

A housepainter recently wanted to join the fire department, but as it took him over fifteen minutes to climb a ladder, and then he had to go down again for something he had forgotten, they didn't employ him.—*Boston Post.*

Jumping over a fence in the middle of the night and meeting a bulldog that is a total stranger to you, is one of those exciting little incidents of life which go far to break the monotony and rob existence of a tiresome sameness.

A man called out to his creditor, "Get out, you Ornithorynchus?" The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An Ornithorynchus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as 'a beast with a bill.'"—*Yale Courant.*

This is alleged to be the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls! I heard just the best thing to-day. It was too funny, I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Professor Mitchell—oh, dear, I can't remember just what she said; but Professor Mitchell's answer was just too funny for anything!"—*Syracuse Herald.*

WISE WORDS.

Whatever may be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune.

You wrong others and are wronged yourself by equivocation of any kind.

True love always makes a man better no matter who the woman who inspires it.

The man who thinks is like a lighted candle. He consumes away as he gives light.

Lovely concord and most sacred peace doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breeds.

If a man takes no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand.

When you have a number of duties to perform always do the most disagreeable one first.

Music is the universal language of mankind, poetry their universal pastime and delight.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories—they are strongest for things a long way off.

Air-

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1881.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

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FOR 1881.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1881.

—Guitteau's trial will be on the 7th of November.

—Illinois is said to have 700,000 bushels of old corn in store.

—The public debt was reduced in August $14,181,221.

—The North Carolina University has 180 students in attendance.

—Ohio and Iowa have gone Republican at the recent election, as was expected.

—The recent hurricane in England was very destructive, causing great damage to property and loss of life.

—Notwithstanding the arrest of prominent Land-Leaguers creating considerable excitement, no popular outbreak is apprehended in Ireland.

—A U. S. building is to be erected in Danville, Va., for a U. S. Court House, U. S. Revenue Office and Postoffice. The corner-stone has been laid.

—The Atlantic, Tennessee and Ohio road is leased for ninety-nine years, dating from the first of October, instant, to the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad.

—At the Atlanta Exposition a North Carolina firm, Wallace Bros., Statesville, has on exhibition over two thousand specimens of the medicinal herbs which grow in this State.

—In Mississippi, in 1860, there were 42,840 plantations averaging 370 acres each. In 1880 there were 75,205 farms averaging 185 acres each. The area of the cultivated land is less than in 1860, but nearly twice as much cotton is produced.

—A number of settlers from the North who have recently purchased land near Petersburg, Va., came by road bringing their teams and household effects with them, all ready to take possession of their farms and go to work.

—Two Texas cow boys rode through a crowd at the depot at Deming, on the Southern Pacific railroad, and fired their pistols at the people indiscriminatley. A leading merchant was shot, and a deputy sheriff killed the co boys while they were resisting arrest.

STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the meeting last week, Col. T. M. Holt was unanimously re-elected president, and the vice-presidents were all re-elected. Col. Polk was elected secretary, and P. A. Wiley, Esq., treasurer. Remarks were made by Col. L. L. Polk, Mr. Monford McGehee, Mr. J. P. Leach, of Littleton; Mr. Braddy, of South Carolina and others.

—Mr. Blaine seems anxious to resign his portfolio, as well as several other members of the cabinet, who have urged the acceptance of their resignations. The papers say that this urgent desire to quit Arthur's cabinet means the inauguration of a vigorous though quiet campaign for the nomination of Mr. Blaine for the next President.

—The French troops have hard times in Africa. Sickness, bad food, and disaster in the field, are provokingly frequent. Recently the Arabs have become bold and have temporarily defeated some French troops. Tunis is however occupied by the French and the Mosques have been closed by the Tunisians. A French column will start for Southern Tunis and fortify all railroad stations.

—The unusual drought in Florida has had the effect of drying up Sibley Lake to such an extent as to only a few slush spots here and there, and in these alligators sought refuge in large numbers, digging huge burrows in the ground. This has furnished great sport to the settlers in the neighborhood, who have gone in crowds to these spots and fished with fine success for the enormous reptiles. The manner of catching them has been to thrust long rods armed with hook at the end into one of the cavernous burrows and stir up the occupants. One of the alligators would snap at the rod; a jerk would fasten the hook into the soft part of the lower jaw, and it would then be easy to draw the animal out and kill it with hatchets. It is not every year that such fishing can be enjoyed, even in Florida.

THE STATE FAIR

Was in point of display of articles good, although the number of specimens was not as large and varied as usual. The machinery department was select and good. The display of fancy work by the ladies was large and beautiful. Among the articles we noticed a beautiful knit bedspread by Miss Sophie Shultz, of this place. The stock display was perhaps the best for many years. The crowd on Thursday was estimated at from 10,000 to 11,000. Among the more prominent displays was the tobacco bazar of W. T. Blackwell & Co. T. B. Lash, of Bethania, made a fine display of his woolen goods. Taking all things into consideration the display was creditable to our State.

Miss Polk, of Raleigh, was the recipient of the first star premium of $50 in gold, assumed by Mr. A. Creech, of Raleigh; and Miss Bessie T. Cain, of Hillsboro, the second premium of $25, offered by the society. The exhibits of Miss Katie Lambeth of Greensboro, and Miss J. L. Bowden, of Warren, were so creditable that Mr. P. A. Wiley, treasurer of the society, succeded in raising a purse of $50, so that each of the young ladies received a premium for their exhibitions.

His Excellency, Governor Jarvis, delivered these premiums, in presence of the officers of the society, to the young ladies, in one of his best speeches.

Judge Gilmer, in a few appropriate remarks, presented the star premium of $50 to Mr. Harris, of Chatham. Mr. Harris is under 21 years of age, and contributed a bale of cotton, corn, pumpkins and other farm products. He received the premium, dressed in a neat suit of homespun.

There were nine contestants in the spelling match for the Worcester Unabridged Dictionary, offered as a star premium by J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Henry W. Rice, Raleigh Male Academy, won the prize, spelling one hundred and twenty words without missing one. Capt. John E. Dugger, of the Graded School, conducted the contest and presented the book, a handsome volume in Russia binding, in a neat and appropriate speech to Master Rice.

Among the many attractions at the Fair none was more interesting than the wonderful performances of Capt. Bogardus and his son, Eugene, in glass ball shooting with shot gun and rifle.

Financially the Fair exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the society.

—The U. S. Senate has deposed Mr. Bayard and elected Senator David Davis as the presiding officer, which caused a little fun in the Senate. There was great excitement in the galleries as the roll call progressed. Some thought that Senator Davis would vote against himself. Of course he did not, and in consequence everybody chuckled and smiled except Davis himself, who tried to look indifferent and failed.

When Senator Bayard's name was called he did not belie his record as a gentleman and as a statesman. Rising, he said with dignity and simplicity: "Mr. President, I beg to withhold my vote on this question. I have never obtained office by my vote, and I shall never retain it by that means."

How small must Senator Davis's huge body have felt at this. There were yeas 36, nays 34.

The man on the fence had gotten a comfortable and pleasant seat at last on the Republican side, and just then there was a demonstration that should have shamed the organizers and aiders of the scheme—suddenly and spontaneously everybody burst into laughter, on the floor and in the galleries. Everywhere was the funniness of the situation appreciated.

Senators Bayard and Anthony, laughing themselves, escorted the newly elected to the chair. He reached it, took a glass of water and made his inaugural address, stating that if his election had carried party obligations with it he would have been constrained to decline it. He was aware that it was not his worth which had caused his election. He believed it had been effected as a recognition of his independent position in politics.

At this deliciously modest acknowledgment there was a subdued snicker all around.

—An English paper says: "Autumn planting of potatoes is being tried, as yet with inconclusive results, but, with success so far as two years' experience may indicate. Mr. James Howard, Claphampark, Bedfordshire, informs the *Times* that last year he divided three lots of seed into two portions each, and planted half of each lot in November, half at the close of March. In each case the yield was better from those planted in November. Those put in November must, however, be planted deep; that is to say eight or nine inches below the surface. If all goes well they will be a fortnight earlier than the spring planted."

THE EXTRA SESSION.—So far this body has not done anything of much interest to our readers.

On Friday the distinguished French and German visitors entered the chamber, and stood in the rear of the Senators' desks.

When quiet had been restored Mr. Bayard rose and said: "I beg leave to apprise the Senate of the presence on the floor of this chamber of certain distinguished officers and citizens of our sister republic of France, and also of certain other distinguished officers and citizens of the empire of Germany, who have come here for the purpose of joining with the people of the United States in celebration and commemoration of the great culminating victory to the arms of the allied colonies one hundred years ago. I know that I speak the sentiment of every member of the American Senate when I say that they are welcome to this chamber. And now I move that for the purpose of each member paying that respect which each and all feel for those who have honored us by their presence, a recess of half an hour be taken, for the purpose of enabling the presiding officer of the Senate and each one of members to pay that respect which represents not only our individual feeling, but the feeling of every State of our Union of States." [Applause.]

Senate adjourned to attend the Yorktown celebration.

WASHINGTON, October 14.—The Senate in executive session to-day confirmed the nomination of Walker Blaine 3rd assistant Secretary of State; Mark S. Brewer, of Michigan, consul general at Berlin; Winfield S. Bird, of Alabama, consul at Laguara; Benj. P. Davis, Massachusetts, deputy 4th auditor of the treasury; Jacob H. Ela, New Hampshire, 6th auditor of the treasury for the postoffice department; O. P. G. Clarke, Rhode Island, first deputy commissioner of pensions; Calvin B. Walker of Indiana, deputy commissioner of pensions, and Benj. P. Chatfield, postmaster, Aiken, S. C.

PARNELL ARRESTED.—Mr. Charles S. Parnell, the leader of the Irish Land League, was arrested on the morning of the 13th inst., at the Kingsbridge Railway station, Dublin, while on his way to attend a convention at Kildare. He is charged with inciting the people to intimidate others from paying their just rent, and with intimidating the tenants from taking the benefit of the land act. Parnell was taken to Kilmainham jail in a cab. A Dublin dispatch describing the state of affairs there in connection with the arrest of Parnell, says that the guard all over the city was trebled and drums rolled and the police patrols were doubled. Dragoons rode thro' the streets in all directions, detectives narrowly watched the movements of the league. A posse of police occupied the premises close to the league office. Another dispatch says that the league has resolved to attack the jail. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, was guarded by dragoons in going to and from his office.

—Serious riots are reported in Ireland, displaying more anger and bluster than damage. In Dublin the police ran into some blatant orators, and knocking the conceit out of them as well as toppling over a landlord and smashing the eye-glass of an Irish and unoffending member of Parliament. At Limerick things wore a more serious aspect. The soldiery were held in readiness, and the police were driven to the barracks amid a shower of stones. The Scots Grays failed to clear the streets Slating from the roofs and missiles of every kind were thrown from windows, sacking some of the smaller houses and wounding the constabulary. After prolonged fighting arrests were made and comparative quiet restored.

—The recent rise in Confederate Government bonds in London has given rise to many absurd rumors as to the cause of the sudden improvement of that class of securities, while the truth seems to have escaped the notice of those who have been giving attention to the subject. The New Orleans *Democrat* reminds us of the fact that when the war ended the Confederate Government had on deposit in London, in the Bank of England, several millions of dollars—estimated as high as $7,000,000—and the United States Government being aware of the fact, made several unsuccessful attempts to secure it. Mr. Seward wished to make a peremptory demand for it, but was dissuaded from such a course by Mr. Johnson, who feared serious complications with England at that time, and so the money has lain there to this day unclaimed, and as it has doubtless been drawing interest, the amount must have been enormously increased. The late flurry in Confederate bonds has doubtless, says the *Democrat*, been caused by the design on the part of the holders to secure payment out of this large fund in the Bank of England.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

—Two thousand Mormons have left Liverpool during the past summer for the great Mormon section of Salt Lake.

—At the Atlanta Exposition is quite a curiosity. It is an enclosure of a few acres, where, growing side by side, can be seen every variety of cotton plant that can be grown upon this earth. There is cotton from India, from Hindostan, from China, from Japan, from Australia, from the north coast of Africa, Chili, Brazil, and the South Sea islands, the Cape of Good Hope, Mexico, Central America, Bombay, and every other climate in which the cotton plant has ever been grown. Each plant preserves its characteristics admirably, and side by side may be seen cotton with the perfectly red flower growing ten feet high, and the stalks with perfectly blue flowers growing less than two feet high. There is the queer Chinese cotton with a pinched, contracted look that marks everything that comes from that country; the Peruvian cotton with its flowers of indigo and its small bolls; the Indian cotton with its tropical appearance but imperfect fruitage, and all of them with their various marks, crowned by a few rows of our own, king of them all. The collection of seed for this field was a matter of great painstaking and expense. Mr. S. M. Inman, who had charge of the matter, was months getting correspondents in various quarters of the globe that he could rely upon to send the perfectly pure and virile specimen of the native seed. The cable dispatches necessary to reach the merchants in some of the remote corners of the earth cost over $200 for the simple transmitting of his wishes and the reply thereto. In every case the seed arrived in time, and it is a wonderful tribute to the climate and soil of Georgia that not a single variety failed to sprout and come to full maturity upon her soil.

Cognate to this, and a part of the same exhibition, are bales and bags and packages of cotton received from every country in which cotton is handled, packed or baled in the manner peculiar to each country. This exhibition of itself is a wonderful one, and shows that while the South may be ahead of all other sections in growing cotton that there are older if not wiser people who know how to pack it better.—*News-Observer.*

NEW YORK'S WEALTH.—According to the official figures, just received from Albany, the total value of real and personal property within the limits of New York City, is now $1,255,382,809. The real estate alone is set down as $1,054,188,772. The total shows an increase of $40,000,000 since last year. If the figures of the sum total are correct the property in New York would, if distributed on the communistic plan, give $1,000 to each man, woman and child in the city. The net debt of the city has been brought down to about $100,000,000 but the taxes still keep high. For the coming year they will be over $30,000,000. The official figures are below rather than above the real value of property, as they merely represent the tax valuation.

CEDARS OF LEBANON. — So great has been the destruction of cedar trees in the famous Lebanon forest that they have dwindled into a mere thicket, numbering only 400 trees. Rustem Pasha, the Governor-General, has taken steps to arrest the disgraceful vandalism from which they suffer at the hands of travellers. He has issued a special ordinance forbidding the erection of tents or other kinds of shelter within the tree district, and the lighting of fires or cooking and other purposes is also prohibited. No one will be allowed to break off a twig, and beasts of burden will not be permitted to enter within the prescribed limits. Should oxen, sheep, goats or other pasturage cattle be found there, they will be confiscated absolutely.

—St. Petersburg, Russia, is called a city of spies. Recently a woman was noticed going along the street with a pitcher of cream. A policeman thought he recognized her, and went and looked over the picture gallery of Nihilist portraits and there recognized the woman as a noted fugitive who had been implicated in several attempts to assassinate the late Czar. She was arrested as she was getting on the cars for Moscow. A strict watch is kept on all strangers, and all landlords watch their guests in a most annoying manner.

A wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors visiting us so often."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time."

"Deacon, I'll use your medicine hereafter."

—Tickling induces laughter, except tickling in the Throat, which causes coughing,—at once removed by Dr. Bull's Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, October 14th.—Guiteau was arraigned in the Criminal Court this morning, to answer to an indictment against him for the murder of James A. Garfield, late President of the United States. The trial was set for November 7th, the question of jurisdiction to be decided prior to October 30th.

The Star Route cases were again taken up, but on account of the absence of associate counsel for the government an adjournment was asked by Attorney-General Cook. After soome discussion a postponement for two weeks was granted.

After the Star Route cases were disposed of, it became known in the Court-room that the arraignment of Guiteau was actually to take place to day. So most of the spectators remained, and a very intense feeling of curiosity and interest was manifested. There was no unusual display of police in or about the Court-room, although there were a large number of detectives present, not in uniform. For over half an hour business was suspended, awaiting the introduction of the prisoner. At a quarter past eleven Mr. Scoville, counsel for the prisoner, entered and took a seat at the lawyers' table, and immediately after the door of the witnesses' room opened and gave entrance to Marshal Henry and two deputy marshals, having between them and hustling along the bowed and cowering figure of a man for whom they made way to a reserved seat next to his counsel. Then one of the guards unlocked the hand-cuffs, giving the prisoner the use of his hands, which he continued, however, to hold as if that was their usual position, Guiteau looked broken in health, and uncared for in person. His hair is closely cropped but his cheek and chin whiskers are worn thick, but not long. His dark clothes were rusty and shabby, and his whole person presented a miserably neglected appearance.

After the excitement attending his entrance had subsided District Attorney Corkhill rose, and addressing the Judge, said: "The grand jury of the District of Columbia have indicted Charles J. Guiteau for the murder of James A. Garfield. The person is in court. I ask that he be arraigned and required to plead to the indictment." The prisoner was ordered to stand up, and in a languid manner obeyed.

Clerk—Is your name Charles J. Guiteau?

The prisoner assented, by a nod.

The Clerk then proceeded to read the indictment, the prisoner standing up with his head most of the time inclined to the right shoulder, his eyes half closed, or wholly so, and his hands clasped over his stomach, as if they still wore handcuffs, and his general air that of sickly indifference. The reading occupied nearly half an hour, and during all that time Guiteau hardly changed his attitude or bearing, and rarely opened his eyes. He did not manifest the slightest degree of interest in the scene in which he was the chief actor, and but for an occasional slight movement might be supposed to be asleep in a standing attitude. Upon the conclusion of the reading of the indictment the Clerk, addressing the prisoner, said: "What say you to this indictment. Guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner, in place of a response fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and drew out a soiled and crumpled scrap of paper.

The District Attorney (imperatively)—Enter your plea of guilty or not guilty.

Prisoner—I enter a plea of not guilty, if your Honor pleases, and I desire to make a statement.

The Court—At some other time. It would not be appropriate just now. Sit down.

The prisoner thereupon took his seat.

District Attorney—In this case I ask that the trial be set for next Monday morning peremptorily. The Government is ready for trial now.

Mr. Scoville asked to read a statement, and proceeded to read one by the defendant to the effect that he has no money or means and that in his defence it is necessary for him to have witnesses from a distance. Also, one made by himself to the effect that he was not ready for trial, having been in the case only about ten days; that the defense would be the insanity of the prisoner, and that the wound was not necessarily mortal and was not the cause of the President's death. Also, that he has failed to get the names of certain witnesses from the prisoner, and that he expects to show by witnesses in New York and Chicago hereditary insanity in the family; that W. L. Guiteau, father of the accused, was a monomaniac on the subject of religion. He also expected to show that death was the result of malpractice on the part of the principal physician. He asked an order for witnesses, forty-four in number. Mr. Scoville said that, acting under the instructions of his client, he had endeavored to get him suitable counsel, being himself not familiar with criminal practice, had applied to Emory Storrs, of Chicago, who had declined, to R. T. Merrick, who feared that he could not attend. He had written to Gen. Butler, but had not yet heard from him. It was important that the prisoner should be properly defended, and he asked, if Butler should decline, that the prisoner be allowed to select counsel.

Argument on the question of jurisdiction was set down for the 30th inst., and the trial for November 7th.

After leaving the court-room Guiteau was taken up stairs, and a large crowd gathered about the east portico. The prison van being drawn to the east door of the building the crowd made a rush to that point, but about 12.30 o'clock the prisoner was quietly walked through the basement and through the centre of the new building, where a carriage was in waiting, and he taken back to jail.

Wm. Stevenson Johnson, of Chicago, law partner of Emory Storrs, has arrived in the city for the purpose of taking part in the defence of Guiteau.

While Guiteau was being arraigned a large-sized man approached some of the officers of the court and asked for the loan of a pistol. His inquiries causing suspicion, he was taken to police headquarters, where he gave his name as Geo. H. Berthard, and showed a diploma as a lawyer, issued to him June 23d, in Columbus, O. He said he fought in Garfield's regiment, and showed two gunshot wounds in his legs and a bayonet wound in his head, which he said he received at the battle of Shiloh. He has been doing clerical work for a lawyer in this city. He heard that Guiteau was to be arraigned to-day, and he intended to get a "bulldog" pistol and shoot him at the City Hall. He took his diploma with him to insure getting into the court room as a member of the bar. He had evidently been drinking.

—Farmers should be informed of the real actual value of improved stock. A difference in the yield of milk of four quarts a day, even at two cents a quart, is equal to $24 a year, which is the interest at six per cent of $400. A difference of 100 pounds of butter is equal to the same amount. With ten cows this counts up pretty fast. A pure-bred Ayrshire or Jersey cow will easily make this difference in the value of the yearly product; as there is no no extra cost for the keeping, the increase is all profit.—*Rural New Yorker.*

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—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW, at the Salem Book Store.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

—For your spring supply of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Shoes, go to H. W. FRIES'.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

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Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

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NOTICE.

I am now ready to receive the TAXES due the corporation of Salem. Taxpayers will please call and pay me. The taxes are levied as follows: 35 cents on the hundred dollars; $1.05 on the Poll and $3.00 Road Tax.

L. N. CLINARD,
Tax Collector.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 4, 1881.

NOTICE.

Pure Bred Plymouth Rock Chickens for sale, either in pairs or trios, by

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Salem, N. C., October 4, 1881.

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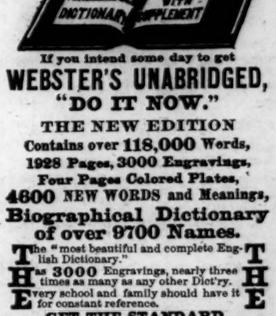

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Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.–18.

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NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of the late Andrew Spaugh, on this 24th day of September, 1881, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Andrew Spangh, deceased to make immediate payment and settlement to me, or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said Estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated, on or before the 1st day of October, 1882, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK,
Pub. Adm'r of Forsyth County.

September, 24th 1881.

The Revised Testament.—A few copies of the Revised Testament at the Salem Bookstore. All should have a copy. A very good "old and new version on opposite pages" edition.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—A new supply of Albums at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

$66 a week in your town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, May 15 1881.	No. 47 Daily.	No. 43. Daily.	No. 19. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	4 05 a m	4 15 p m	6 30 a m
" Salisbury	5 56 a m	6 07 p m	11 16 a m
" High Point	7 25 a m	7 35 p m	1 55 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 03 a m	7 57 p m	3 10 p m
Leave Greensboro	9 40 a m	.....	6 25 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	11 45 a m	.....	11 02 p m
" Durham	12 28 p m	.....	12 31 a m
" Raleigh	1 40 p m	.....	3 11 a m
Leave "	1 45 p m	8 41 a m	" "
Arrive Goldsboro	4 00 p m	8 30 a m	.....

No. 47.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina daily except Sundays. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 43.—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, May 15, 1881.	No. 48. Daily.	No. 42. Daily.	No. 20. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Goldsboro	1 25 p m	.....	4 20 p m
Arrive Raleigh	3 50 p m	.....	9 25 p m
Leave "	3 55 p m	.....	9 55 p m
Arrive Durham	5 09 p m	.....	12 19 a m
" Hillsboro	5 48 p m	.....	1 45 a m
" Greensboro	7 37 p m	.....	6 00 a m
Leave "	8 17 p m	9 30 a m	" m.
Arrive High Point	9 12 p m	10 02 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 32 p m	11 15 a m	.....
" Charlotte	12 20 a m	1 00 p m	.....

No 48.—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch, at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. Air-Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west.

No. 42.—Connects at Air-Line Junc. with A. & C. A. L. Railroad for all points South and South-west; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. Railroad for all points South and South-East.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily	"	"	9 40 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	10 57 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	11 40 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	5 30 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	4 30 p m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	7 30 p m

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Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. **Take no other.**

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Hop Bitters Mf'g Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1881.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Special Notice.—Persons wishing to have printing well done, will please call at the PRESS office. We can print as *cheap* as the *cheapest*.

PAY UP.

Those indebted to us will please settle up their accounts without delay. We need the money.

—Farmer's and Planter's Almanac for 1882 for sale at Salem Bookstore.

—The hunting season for birds is here.

—Thanks to C. B. Steers for Denver, (Col.) papers.

—New Garden, Guilford county, Fair, Thursday, October 27th.

—New Moon on Saturday at 9 o'clock 10 minutes in the evening.

—An apple tree on Turner Butler's lot, in Waughtown, is white with blossoms.

—John H. Shultz has a fine pair of geese from the exhibition at the Fair.

—Iredell county has two cotton factories in operation, and will soon have two more.

—The corn crop is turning out, in many sections of the country, better than expected.

—After the heavy frost we have very warm weather. So much so as to make the farmers hesitate about putting in their wheat. Cooler on Wednesday.

—Thadeus Davis, sent to the Penitentiary for robbing A. E. Welfare's jewelry store, died a few weeks since of consumption. He was in prison for life.

—The beautiful cream colored young team of Messrs. H. S. Foy & Brother, of Winston, were sold to W. T. Blackwell, of Durham, for $450.

—We learn from the *Leader* that John H. Shultz, one of the appointees under Collector Everitt, has been removed by Commissioner Raum.

N. C MIDLAND.—There will be a meeting of the stockholders of this Company at Winston, on Tuesday, Oct. 25th. Col. Barbour, the President of the road, will be present. A full attendance of stockholders is desired.

—Twenty-eight years ago David Jones was burning some brush, and somewhat burned the shell of an upland terrapin, thus marking him so that he is easily recognized. Mr. Jones says he has seen him almost yearly ever since. The last time a few days ago.

—We have failed to get a list of the teachers of Public Schools who received certificates from the Superintendent. We are pleased to note the following as having received first grade certificates: H. L. Beckerdite, F. D. L. Messer, S. A. Hege, Jacob Sides and S. A. Sides. Will probably publish a full list next week.

—N. T. Shore & Co. opened a case of the celebrated Black Mountain Smoking Tobacco the other day, and kindly presented us with a sample package for which we return thanks. A few puffs soon convinced us that it is an A. No. 1 Tobacco, and persons who like to enjoy a good smoke will always find the "Black Mountain" at Shore & Co's. This firm can supply you with the best of groceries. Read their advertisement in another column, and give them a call. You will always find Naman or uncle Traugott on hand ready to serve you. Thanks for specimens of Candy and Cigars, all of the best quality.

—As Prof. Rich, the magician, was passing along the mill race one morning last week he saw a man trying to get something out of the water with a pole which he held in both hands. Going to his assistance, the Professor discovered a bag with something tied up in it floating in the water. With thoughts of a dead body in his mind, he crawled out on a log, at the risk of a ducking, and as the man brought the bag to the surface of the water the Professor seized it and began pulling it out when the bag parted and out floated a dead cat and some kittens. The Professor says he has often let the hen out of the bag, but that was the first time he ever *let the cat out out of the bag.*

THE SALEM BAND.—This well-known band, one of the oldest in the South, is to furnish the music this week. There are twelve pieces in the band, and all of the musicians are men of much musical culture. The band is one of the features of the fair. It will play at the grounds all day. It has been at our fairs repeatedly, and has always given satisfaction.—*News-Observer.*

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE.—Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

PERSONALS.—W. T. Vogler left for the North on Monday.

Jacob Meller and little son, Bertine, of Altoona, Pa., are on a visit to F. W. Meller.

Mrs. Rice and children left for her home in Washington City on Sunday evening last.

The Silver Cornets have returned from the State Fair, Raleigh. Their music gave general satisfaction.

Winston light infantry left for Yorktown on Sunday evening last.

Miss Phoebe Turner, who is now engaged in teaching school at Fork Church, Davie county, spent a few days at her home in this place, last week. She returned to her school on Sunday.

Judge W. P. Bynum has been visiting in Stokes County on business. He passed through Winston on Monday.

—The writer had the pleasure of attending the close of Prof. Leonard's first term of Singing School at Pleasant Retreat, on last Saturday. The exercises were excellent, consisting of Songs, Anthems, Duetts, &c. The singing, taken as a whole, was good, reflecting credit on all concerned.

The closing exercises of New Friendship Singing School, also taught by Prof. Leonard, will come off on next Saturday and Sunday. The public invited to attend.

A new Public School-house is being erected in Waughtown.

C. B. Cassel, of Broadbay township, recently lost a fine horse, supposed to have been bitten by a snake.

Sam'l A. Sides will teach Hopewell Public School. Noah Smith will teach at Jack's Temple, Abbott's Creek township. H. L. Beckerdite will teach at Flat Rock School-house, South Fork township. S. A. H.

Bishop Lyman's Appointments.

Nov. 20, Sunday—Leaksville.
Nov. 22, Tuesday—Mountain Chapel.
Nov. 23, Wednesday—Madison.
Nov. 24, Thursday—Hairston's Chapel.
Nov. 26, Saturday—Germanton.
Nov. 27, Sunday—Winston.
Nov. 29, Tuesday—St. James, Iredell Co.
Nov. 30, Wednes.—Christ Church, Rowan county.
Dec. 1, Thursday—St. Andrews, Rowan county.
Dec. 2, Friday—Mocksville.
Dec. 3, Saturday—Lexington.

Holy communion at all morning services. Collections for diocesan missions.

—A very beautiful premium engraving has been issued by "Peterson's Magazine," for 1882, to reward persons for getting up clubs. The plate is large, 20 inches by 16, and would ornament the most refined parlor: for it is executed in the highest style of art. It is entitled, "HUSH! DON'T WAKE THEM," and represents a little girl, seated at a bedside, where her two sick dolls are, and she is holding up her finger, warningly, as she speaks. It is really one of the most charming pictures possible; all the little ones, especially, will be delighted with it. *Any one can secure this beautiful engraving, gratis, by getting up a club for "Peterson."* Only the enormous circulation of the Magazine can explain why the proprietor can afford to give such premiums. "Peterson" is the best and cheapest of the lady's books, the price being but two dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs. Specimens of the Magazine, to assist in getting up clubs, are sent gratis, if written for. Now is the time to get up clubs for 1882. No one should subscribe to any magazine until they have seen a copy of "Peterson," and compared it with others. Address, CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Penna.

—A wool and wheat-grower says: "It is my belief that the real reason why our wheat crops only yield half as much as the English crops is, that in England farmers utilize sheep as grain-growers. while we only consider them wool and mutton makers."

—The Boston *Commonwealth* states that the famous pear-tree planted by Gov. Endicott in 1628 (253 years ago) on his farm in Danvers, then a part of Salem, still lives and bears fruit. The species is Bon-Chretien.

—Cocoanut growing is becoming an important industry in Florida. Charles Maloney has a plantation of several thousand trees on Stock Island; J. V. Harris, of Key West has about seven thousand trees; E. O. Lock about ten thousand, and Lieutenant Governor Bethel is having an extensive grove of cocoanut trees planted.

—The Naldosta, Ga., *Times* says some parties went alligator hunting in a nearly dried up lake near Statesville, last week, and killed between forty-five and fifty, some of them measuring ten feet in length. The next day another attack was made and twenty-five killed.

NEW YORK, October 11.—The cause of the fire in the Fourth avenue stables is believed to have been by the accidental upsetting of a lamp on the Third street side of the stables. About one hundred animals perished in the flames. It is rumored that 3 men lost their lives trying to rescue the horses.

—The town of New Berne is said to be one vast hospital. The *Nut Shell* says there are but few families, either among the whites or blacks, that have not been or are not now in distress over the serious illness of some member of the family.

—A New York broker advertises for $1,000,000 worth of Confederate bonds, and expresses a willingness to pay for them at the rate of one quarter of one per cent. He says he is buying them in accordance with orders from correspondents abroad. Several other New York brokers are buying at the same rate.

—In October, when the woods are glorious in their scarlet and golden drapery, is the time to seek the Autumn leaves and ferns, A severe Cold is often the result of such pleasure trips. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always cures Coughs and Colds. Price 25 cents.

—The readers of *Scribner* will regret to learn of the death of Dr. J. G. Holland, its editor. He had so conducted that interesting monthly as to gain for it more than a hundred thousand subscribers in this country and in England. He was an extensive author and an industrious and capable literary editor.

—*Wm. Star.*

—The British ship Barnesmore sailed from Wilmington on the 6th for Liverpool with a cargo of cotton and naval stores valued at $200,000. She is the first steamer that has cleared from Wilmington for a foreign port since the war, but it is expected to have other steamers follow her, with the prospects of a regular line between Wilmington and Liverpool ere long.—*Star.*

—The cultivation of cinchona, from the bark of which quinine is produced, has largely increased in India. Dr. George King, superintendent of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Calcutta, states that there are now more than four million cinchona trees in the two plantations at Munpoo and Sittong. The crop for the year consisted of 377,925 pounds of dry bark, being larger by 15,000 pounds than the crop of the previous year.

—In Caldwell county live two venerable twins, now 78 years old, who habitually dine together on the anniversary of their birth. They are descendants of Hosea Bradford, distinguished in the revolutionary war.

"Don't know half their Value."

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, who the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I would have lost both of them in one night if I had not given them Hop Bitters. They did them so much good I continued their use until they were cured. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y.—*American Rural Home.*

MARRIED.

At the residence of P. A. Wilson, Esq., in Winston, on the 12th inst., by Rev. C. C. Dodson, A. J. THOMPSON, of Alamance county, to Miss FANNIE CLAYTON, of Forsyth.

DIED.

In Winston, on Sunday last, ALFRED FARRINGTON, aged about 30 years.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 60 to $1 80
Wheat, (red) " "	1 50 to 1 70
Corn, per bushel,	1 15 to 1 25
Oats, " "	60 to 70
Rye, " "	1 00 to 1 25
Barley, per bush	00 to 05
Flour, per hundred	3 75 to 4 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	00 to 00
Peas, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 00
Pork	8 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	10 to 10
" Hams'	10 to 12
Green Apples per bushel	50 to 0 80
Eggs, per dozen	15 to 00
Butter, per pound	10 to 20
Tallow, " "	6 to 0
Beeswax, " "	21 to 21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to 0 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	70 to 1 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	70 to 1 00
Cabbage, per pound	00 to 0
Chickens, per dozen	1 50 to 2 00
Hay, per hundred	50 to 60
Fodder, per hundred bdls.	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.	00 to 00
Blackberries	0 to 12
Whortleberries	0 to 10
Dried Cherries	0 to 17
Dried Apples	4 to 06

Winston Tobacco Market.

[CORRECTED BY A. B. GORRELL.]

Lugs Common Green	3 00 to 3 50
" " Red	4 50 to 5 50
" Good	5 50 to 6 50
Smokers, common green bight	4 00 to 5 00
" " bright	5 50 to 6 50
" good	7 00 to 8 50
" fine	9 00 to 11 00
" fancy	12 00 to 18 00
Good, rich, ripe, sweet fillers	9 00 to 17 00
Cutters, thin, bright leaf	12 00 to 18 00
Leaf, common green	5 00 to 7 00
" " red	6 00 to 8 50
" good, waxy red	9 00 to 12 00
Wrappers Common dark	15 00 to 20 00
" Good, red	30 00 to 40 00
" com., mahoghany,	12 50 to 18 00
" good, rich, "	20 00 to 25 00
" fine	40 00 to 50 00
" common bright	16 00 to 18 00
" good	30 00 to 40 00
" fine	40 00 to 50 00
" fancy	50 00 to 60 00 to 75 00

NOTICE.

☞ ALL PERSONS are hereby notified not to cut down any trees or saplings on our premises in South Fork Township, Forsyth Co., or to remove any timber therefrom, without our consent, under penalty of the law.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Forsyth Co., N. C., Oct. 1, 1881.

Pocket Book Lost!

On Saturday evening last, between Sunny Side gate and Waughtown, I lost my pocket book. The finder will please leave it and contents with Mr. Reynolds, or the undersigned, and receive his reward.

WM. T. McGEE.

Oct. 13, 1881.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

IS A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Use.

A sure and speedy cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Diphtheria, Chills, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, Summer Complaint, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, etc.

Perfectly safe to use *internally* or *externally*, and *certain* to afford relief. No family can afford to be without it. Sold by all druggists at 25c., 50c., and $1 a bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

AT Mrs. DOUTHIT'S.

REDUCED PRICES.

CALL AND SEE.

JUST RECEIVED at Mrs. DOUTHIT'S, a large assortment of all kinds of

MILLINERY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

WHITE GOODS, &c., &c.,

for the Fall and Winter of 1881, which will be sold cheap for cash.

All are invited to call.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 1, 1881.

SALEM ACADEMY.

Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework.

THE STUDIO of the institution is now open, and tuition is offered in the various branches of the Department of Drawing and Painting and Decorative Needlework. The attention of ladies who may have leisure for study is invited.

Special arrangements will be made for lady students from town separately from those for the regular Academy classes.

For information in regard to the various branches of the course, and terms, apply at the office of the Academy.

J. T. ZORN, Principal.

"Peterson is constantly improving."—*Elmira N. Y. Husbandman.*

☞ CHEAPEST AND BEST. ☜

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Splendid Premiums for Getting up Clubs. | Large-Size Steel Engraving. Handsome Photograph Album. Extra Copy for 1882.

Full-Size Paper Patterns.

☞ A Supplement will be given in every number for 1882, containing a full-size pattern for a lady's or child's dress. Every Subscriber will receive, during the year, twelve of these patterns, worth more, alone, than the subscription price. ☜

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the *best and cheapest* of the lady's books. It gives more for the money, and combines greater merits, than any other. In short it has the

Best Steel Engravings,
Best Colored Fashions,
Best Dress Patterns.
Best Original Stories,
Best Work-Table Patterns,
Best Music, etc., etc.

Its immense circulation and long established reputation enables its proprietor to distance all competition. In 1882 it will contain a brilliant succession of

Splendidly Illustrated Articles.

The stories, novelets, &c. in "Peterson" are admitted to be the best published. *All the most popular female writers* contribute to it. In 1882 about 100 original stories will be given, and in addition SIX COPYRIGHT NOVELETS, by Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Jane G. Austin, Marietta Holly, Lucy H. Hooper, and Mrs. E. L. Cushing. The

Colored Steel Fashion Plates

In "Peterson" are ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, TWICE THE USUAL SIZE, and are unequalled for beauty. They will be superbly colored. Also, Household, Cookery, and other receipts; articles on Art Embroidery, Flower Culture, House Decoration—in short, everything interesting to ladies.

TERMS (always in advance) $2 a year. UNPARALLELED OFFER TO CLUBS

2 copies for $3.50; 3 copies for $4.50, with a *costly steel engraving* "HUSH! DON'T WAKE THEM," or a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, for getting up the club.

4 copies for $6.50; 6 copies for $9.00, with an extra copy of the Magazine for 1882, as a premium, to the person getting up the club.

5 copies for $8.00; 7 copies for $10.50, with both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1882, and the large steel engraving, or PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, to the person getting up the club.

For larger Clubs still greater inducements. Address, post-paid,

CHARLES J. PETERSON,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

MULE COLT for sale. Enquire at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 6.45, a. m., and every day at 3.40, p. m. Due every day, by 12:30, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 5:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend and Richmond Hill Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p.m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Yokely, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 5:30, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases.** For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. **Public speakers** and **singers** use them to clear and strengthen the **Voice.** Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

PAY YOUR TAXES!

Second and Last Call!

FOR THE PURPOSE of collecting the State and County Tax, assessed in Forsyth County for 1881, I will commence at the following times and places, viz:—

Waughtown (G. Nissen & Co) Monday October 10th, 1881.
Joseph Beeson's, Tuesday, Oct. 11th.
Kernersville, Wednesday, Oct. 12th.
Crim's X Roads, Thursday, Oct. 13th.
Robertson's Mill, Friday, Oct. 14th.
Harden Haslip's, Saturday, Oct. 15th,
Lewis Bitting's, Monday, Oct. 17th.
Bethania, Tuesday, Oct. 18th.
E. L. Reed's, Wednesday, Oct. 19th.
Brookstown, Thursday, Oct. 20th.
Lewisville, Friday, Oct. 21st.
Timothy Boose, Saturday, Oct. 22d.
Old Town, Monday, Oct. 24th.
A. Stewart's Tuesday, Oct. 25th.
Branson Beeson's, Wednesday, Oct. 26th.
Henry Shoaf's, Thursday, Oct. 27th.
Augustus Samuel's, Friday, Oct. 28th.
Winston, Saturday, Oct, 29th.
Salem (Town Hall), Monday, Oct. 31st.

I shall be at my office, at the Court House, in Winston, during the month of November.

Taxes are as follows:—66⅔ cents on the $100 valuation, and $2.00 on the Poll.

AUG. FOGLE,
38—5t. Sheriff.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

I WILL ATTEND at the following times and places for the purpose of collecting the State and County Tax for the year 1881.

This year, there being only one Tax (no Railroad Tax), we hope the Tax payers will be prompt in paying to avoid cost, as it takes less money to pay the Tax than it will Tax and cost. After this round there will be cost charged on all uncollected 1880 Taxes. At

Widow Clinard's, Monday, Sept 19th.
Joseph Beeson's, Tuesday, Sept. 20th.
Kernersville, Wednesday, Sept. 21st.
Crim's X Roads, Thursday, Sept. 22nd.
Hazlips. Friday, Sept. 23rd.
A. Stewart's, Saturday, Sept. 24th.
Lewis Bitting's, Monday, Sept. 26th.
E. L. Reeds, Tuesday, Sept. 27th.
Brookstown, Wednesday, Sept. 28th.
Lewisville, Thursday, Sept. 29th.
Winston, Friday, Sept. 30th.
Old Town, Saturday, October 1st.
Ben. Hampton's, Monday, October 3rd.
Salem, Town Hall, Tuesday, Oct. 4th.

The Taxes assessed are 66⅔ on every $100 valuation of Property, and $2.00 on the Poll. AUG. FOGLE, Sheriff.

Sept. 15, 1881.—4t.

NOTICE.

At a late meeting of the Board of Trustees of Salem Congregation, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, and directions given to the Secretary to have the same published in the Salem *Press*.

Resolved, That in future special permission from the Board of Trustees must be obtained whenever the use of the Salem Square is desired for any purpose.

J. W. HUNTER, Chairman.
J. T. LINEBACK, Secretary.

NOTICE.

FORSYTH COUNTY:

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of the late Urias Mooney, on the 24th day of August, 1881, NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Urias Mooney to make immediate payment and settlement to me or the claims will be put in the hands of an officer for collection. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them to me lawfully authenticated on or before the 1st day of September, 1882, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

N. S. COOK.
Pub. Adm'r of Forsyth County.
August 25, 1881.

CUSTOM Boot and Shoe Shop.

I HAVE OPENED A CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, on Main Street, Salem, N. C., two squares below the Salem Hotel, next door to T. Vogler's gun-smith shop.

Will make MENS' BOOTS AND SHOES, and all kinds of LADIES' WORK, in a neat and substantial manner.

☞ Particular attention giving to REPAIRING all kinds of boots and shoes.

Prices for the different qualities of work will be found as reasonable as at any other establishment.

I most respectfully solicit a part of the public patronage.

If parties living at a reasonable distance, in need of work, will let me know by postal card or otherwise, I will wait on them.

Respectfully,
G. A. REICH.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 25, 1881.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW BOOKS.—A lot of new Seaside Library publications just received a the Salem Bookstore.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. W. M. HINSHAW.

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

HINSHAW BROTHERS,

WINSTON, N. C.

Four years ago to-day we opened our first stock of GOODS in one of the buildings we now occupy. Not satisfied to remain where we started, we have from time to time added to our building and stock, so that we can safely say that we now have the most complete Store Rooms in the State. We have in use two of BATES' best ELEVATORS by the means of which we have easy access to all parts of the ten Rooms in our Block, all of which are filled with Merchandise of every description, which we buy at the lowest prices, mostly from manufacturers, and which we will sell at reasonable prices.

IN OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS, WHICH ARE THE LARGEST IN TOWN, we will duplicate in prices any bill of an ordinary amount bought in any market, freight taken into consideration.

OUR RETAIL DEPARTMENTS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN WINSTON. We call especial attention to our line of

DRESS GOODS,

TRIMMINGS, LAWNS, PEQUETS, SUITINGS, NOTIONS, PARASOLS, COTTONADES, CASSIMERES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Winchester, Va., and Miles' Philadelphia Shoes A SPECIALTY.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

400 Suits of Mens' and Boys' Clothing
40 Cases Hats.
85 Cases and Bales of Dry Goods
50 Cases Notions
100 Bags Coffee
50 Barrels Sugar
75 " Syrups
150 Kegs of Nails and Horse Shoes

SPLENDID STOCK OF

STAPLE HARDWARE,

Drugs and Patent Medicines.

Tin Ware, Hollow Ware and Queensware;

in large quantities and great variety.

2,000 Dozens Coats' Spool Cotton at N. Y. Prices.
2,000 Pounds Sole Leather.
20,000 Pounds Meat and Lard.
White Lead, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

We intend to make it to the interest of every one to come and see us, and we invite you to do so.

7,500 BAGS OF THE CELEBRATED STAR BRAND TOBACCO MANURE For Sale this Spring.

Buy your GOODS of us and sell your TOBACCO at our NEW WAREHOUSE, (PACE'S) when completed, and you will come as near getting the worth of your money in Merchandise, and the worth of your Tobacco in money as you can get in this wide world.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

Respectfully,

HINSHAW BROTHERS.

May 19th, 1881.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL Insurable Property, Against Loss or CLASSES OF Damage by Fire

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

☞ Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid. ☜
☞ Encourage Home Institutions. ☜

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.
J. A. LINEBACK, Agent at Salem, N. C

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD

Assets, over - - $30,000,000.

Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLON DOLLARS

New York Office, 45 William Street.

DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS
1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,
Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

GOLD Great chance to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $230 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home overnight. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages in the business fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland Maine.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTCAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs. March 21—26-12—1 year.

THE NEWS & OBSERVER.

RALEIGH, N. C.

LARGEST WEEKLY IN THE STATE.

WE GIVE 2,500 COLUMS OF READING MATTER during the year. We print full reports of the meetings of all important religious bodies and of court and legislative proceedings, and generally all matters of interest occurring in the State.

We give the latest Telegrams, the latest Market Reports the freshest news, interesting Articles, Stories for the girls and Farm Notes for the boys.

Our Market Reports will be worth many dollars to farmers and merchants.

Take your County Paper, and then send $2.00 for the NEWS AND OBSERVER.

Specimen copies furnished on application.

CEDAR COVE NURSERIES.

All kinds of fruit trees and small fruit plants at unusually low rate, prices and descriptions sent free. Address

N. W. CRAFT.
Shore, Yadkin Co., N. C.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

$25 PREMIUM.

GET THE BEST.

Turner's Patent Evaporator.

A PREMIUM OF $25 will be given the farmer who produces the greatest quantity of sugar from syrup made by Turner's Patent Evaporator, from one acre of seed cane, grown in North Carolina. Ten pounds to be exhibited at the next annual State Fair at Raleigh.

Turner's Patent Evaporator has been in use for two years, and is highly recommended by farmers and others who have used it. The following certificate speaks for itself:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, SURRY Co., } January 18th, 1881.

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used the Turner Evaporator for the past year and find it to be a perfect success.

It has advantages that no other evaporator has:

1st. The fire can be regulated without any danger of risk of burning or scorching the molasses.

2nd. The arrangement is such that you can regulate the flow of juice and discharge of finished syrup with such accuracy as not to endanger the syrup from its having tinge of scorch or dark drugy appearance.

3rd. It facilitates the labor so very much that one hand can attend to the Evaporator and do good work; besides many other advantages that I have neither time or space here to enumerate.

Rev. J. J. SETLIFF.

P. S. I made syrup from the early Amber Cane that actually commenced the process of granulation on the Evaporator.

J. J. S.

For further information, call on or address, W. E. TURNER, Dalton, N. C.

or B. TURNER, Bethania, N. C.

March 3, 1881—8-6m.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Also excellent for human flesh. READ PROOF BELOW.

FROM

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

Youngstown, Ohio, May 10th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I had a very valuable Hambletonian colt which I prized very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame; I had him under the charge of two veterinary surgeons which failed to cure him. I was one day reading the advertisement of Kendall's Spavin Cure in the Chicago *Express*. I determined at once to try it, and got our druggists here to send for it, they ordered three bottles; I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial. I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame, and the lumps have disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's limbs are as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the State. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles, who are now using it. Very Respectfully,

L. T. FOSTER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

ON HUMAN FLESH.

Patten's Mills, Washington Co., N. Y., February 21st, 1878.

DR. B. J. KENDALL, Dear Sir: The particular case on which I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your Spavin Cure put the foot to the ground again, and for the first time since hurt, in a natural position. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used. Yours truly,

REV. M. P. BELL.
Pastor of M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings and any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or for rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES.

GATES'

SHAVING SALOON.

I TAKE PLEASURE in calling the attention of the Young Gents of Winston and Salem to the fact that, I have removed my

Shaving Saloon and Barber Shop

to the most eligible room for the business in the city. Call at the first door North of the Merchant's Hotel, Winston, N. C. Thankful for past favors, I trust to be able to merit a continuance of your visits. Very Respectfully,

ALEX. GATES.

☞ I am still manufacturing my world-renowned HAIR RESTORER, and ask all who are in need to send in their orders. I have certificates from some of the best citizens of Winston and Salem, as well as other places, and guarantee satisfaction. 34-6m.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

For Cabbage Worms.

A farmer writes: I would like to say from experience that salt will not injure cabbage nor the worms either. But ten cents worth of ground black pepper will keep one hundred heads free from the cabbage worm. Take a common pepper box and dust the worms every morning before seven o'clock, and it will kill every one it touches, large or small.

How to Clean the Poultry House.

A poultry-house may be very quickly and effectively cleaned out by first using an old broom and removing cobwebs, dust, etc., and cleaning the floor with a shovel. Then take half a bushel of lime and slake it in a barrel. If one of the syringe or fountain pumps used for washing windows can be procured the lime wash may be syringed all over the inside, forcing the lime into every crevice and cranny, and thoroughly cleansing them. The lime that falls on the floor will sweeten that. When the work is done turn out the refuse lime for the fowls to pick at.

A Simple Remedy for Insects.

A simple remedy for all insects that annoy farmers is given by a Wenona, Ill., agriculturist. He says: "Gather all the old straw and hay into long rows around orchards, potato and cabbage patches, and set fire to one end to burn against the wind all night, and they will burn up millions and millions every night of the male insects that fly, and bugs of all kinds and descriptions, such as destroy the trees and potatoes and all the cabbage, and the canker worms on the apple trees. They will fly right into the blaze and burn their wings off and drop into the fire. I told a man to do that who said the ground in his potato patch was crawling alive with potato bugs. He plowed a ditch around and filled it with straw, and burned them all up in one night, and he raised a big crop of potatoes. The prairie fires in former years used to burn them all up. Do this and you will soon be rid of the whole miller tribe of insects."

Farm Notes.

Watch your colts' hoofs, and see they are pared as often as necessary. The hoof is not only thus benefited, but the action of the animal frequently improved.

Pennsylvania yields one-fifth of the rye produced in the country. The annual produce in that State ranges between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 bushels.

Bone dust is a good dressing for lawns. Put on plenty of it. Stable manure is often an eye-sore unless very fine.

Green corn, as soon as the grain begins to harden, is the very best fattening food available to the general farmer for feeding swine. The pigs eat it with a peculiar relish, and will grow and fatten upon it with surprising rapidity. No food is equal to this for putting pigs in good "show condition" for the Fairs.

To give hogs plenty of muscle, let them have all the exercise they will take in a ten-acre lot. Fat, which does not go far as food, comes from abundant food and little or no exercise. Lardy hogs are not generally as popular as they once were. An abundance of corn is not desirable to make lean and well-grown hogs for food.

What Does the Soil Need?

The reader is ready to ask, How am I and other planters to know what our soils need to make them produce good crops, you say the analysis of the soil will not tell us? We reply, resort to the plant analysis. Ask your soil a series of questions such as the following: Do you need potash? Do you need ammonia? Do you need phosphoric acid, or do you need any two or all of these? How shall I ask these questions, and how will I interpret the reply? Select a plat of land which will represent fairly your soil, or several such plats, if you have soils differing materially in character and supposed composition. Next get a few pounds of muriate of potash, a few pounds of sulphate of ammonia, and some high grade superphosphate or acid phosphate. If you have a State Department having supervision of fertilizers, you can get those already inspected and analyzed. Ask the chemist of your State College, or your Commissioner of Agriculture, to suggest the quantities of each of these elements to apply per acre, and then apply to one plat, say three rows sixty feet long, only potash; to three others, only phosphoric acid; to three others, only ammonia; to three others, potash and phosphoric acid; to three others, phosphoric acid and ammonia; and to still another three, all three of these elements, leaving three rows in the center of the plat without the application of any manure whatever. If your soil needs nothing but phosphoric acid, it will say so by giving the largest yield where phosphoric acid is used, whether alone or in combination. If it needs two of the elements, that combination will give best results. If it needs all three, or the so-called complete manure, the plat on which all were used, will show best results. If individuals cannot afford to undertake these inquiries, let clubs combine to bear the expense, and impose the investigation on their most careful and accurate observer. If this cannot be done, insist upon your Commissioner of Agriculture selecting careful men in different parts of your State to conduct the inquiry under his direction, he to supply the material, etc., and publish results. If you have a General Assembly with intelligence and statesmanship enough, get them to establish one or more experimental stations in *your* State with *your money* which you pay for the support of *your government*, to be administered by *your servants*(?). If you farmers who *read* and *think* and know the needs of the productive industries of your States, will wield the influence you should and can if you will, you can instruct your brethren of the plow *first*, and then your *servants who make the laws*.—*Southern Planter and Farmer.*

Fodder.

Much has been said during the last few years about corn-fodder, especially in the form of "ensilage." Whatever may be the future of ensilage, it can only be used by those who can afford to build silos and buy machinery; but corn-fodder is useful in this section to every one who owns a cow or horse, and I propose to give my limited experience. I drilled in 1,200 square yards of land in fodder-corn, rows three feet apart, on the 21st May, 1880; worked it once with single small mold-board plow. Commenced feeding on it 8th July following; it had reached the height of seven feet, but had no shoots or tassels. Fed one horse, four cows and three shoats to July 29th—a period of twenty-one days. Plowed up same lot on August 3d, following, and drilled in the same quantity of ordinary white corn. The second crop was fully equal in bulk to the first. This gives forty-two days' feed for five head of stock (leaving out the pigs,) or seven months' feed to one cow from about one fourth of an acre of good land. The cows declined somewhat in milk, after about two weeks' feeding. As the first crop of fodder-corn was not planted until May 21st, I should have had time to cut a crop of rye from the same land if it had been sown to rye the previous fall. Corn-fodder is hard to cure, but it can be readily done in good seasons, if suffered to reach a certain stage of maturity before it is cut. This is not only necessary to enable the plant to eliminate the crude juices which prevent its cure, but also to form sugar, which gives a good part of its value as food. The stalk is mature enough to harvest when shoots and tassels appear. As much of the nutritive value of the article is in the stalk, the crop should be drilled in thick enough to make stalks small, so that they may be all eaten. This is all important. Some I am now feeding, which is very nice, will measure from five to eight feet in height, and from one-eighth to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It was put away last fall quite dry, but is now soft, damp and succulent, much relished by the cows, and producing a good flow of milk. Corn-fodder, in a green state, contains only about seven per cent. of carbo-hydrates (gum-starch, sugar, etc.,) and should be supplemented with clover or mill-feed when we wish milk, or meal when fat is desired. When dry it contains from twenty-four to thirty-eight per cent. of carbo-hydrates, depending upon its hygrometric state. Its dampness is generally greater after being stored. I do not think it is yet settled which is the better way of using corn-fodder—in silos, or cured.

My fodder-corn was cut with an old-fashioned reap-hook, tied up in bundles not very large, with two bands on each bundle, as the stalks are long and supple, and put up in shocks of moderate size on the same day cut. After drying some the shocks were double, and remained in shock until hauled to shelter—15th or 16th of October. The shocks need sometimes to have the inside bundles put on the outside, but no extra care beyond what common sense and circumstances suggest. I prefer drilling to sowing, because the crop is larger on account of the working, and the stalks greener and less "burt" then sown.—*Southern Planter.*

Recipes.

MEAT PIE.—Take mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt, butter and milk, and line a baking dish. Lay upon it slices of cold meat of any kind; add salt, pepper, catsup and butter, or any cold gravy; put in a layer of potatoes and another layer of meat in the same way till the dish is full; have a layer of potatoes on the top. Bake it until it is thoroughly heated through.

RICE PUDDING.—Rice pudding is beyond comparison the best ever made, in spite of the fact that it is the cheapest. The secret of its perfection is in the long cooking it gets. For a six o'clock dinner, the rice and milk should be put on the stove early in the forenoon. The best thing to cook it in is a double kettle. Add to a quart of milk two heaping tablespoonfuls of rice. Let it simmer on the back of the stove—it must never boil—until a couple of hours before dinner. It will then be a thick, creamy substance. Then salt and sweeten to taste, put it into a pudding dish, and bake it in a moderate oven until it is of a jelly-like thickness and the top is slightly browned. It can be eaten either hot or cold. If the latter is preferred, the pudding may be made the day before, if that is most convenient. If desired, a flavor may be added. This is emphatically the perfect pudding of its kind.

The Power of the Press.

One of the old-time editors was boasting the other day that he had never been sued for libel, or attacked in his sanctum, but he could recall many narrow escapes. Twenty-five years ago he was running a red-hot paper on the line of the Michigan Central railroad. A man named Carson, who was running for some county office, was given a bad racket, and the editor received a note that if he had anything more to say he might expect to receive a good pounding. He had a still more bitter attack the next week, and the paper was hardly mailed before in walked Carson, the candidate, accompanied by a brother and two cousins. The four were strapping big fellows, and each was armed with a horsewhip. The two compositors and the "devil" got out with all speed, leaving the editor without support. He realized the situation at once, and began:

"Walk in, gentlemen; I presume you have come to horsewhip me!"

"We have," they answered.

"Very well. Have you thoroughly considered this matter?"

"It doesn't need any consideration," replied Carson. "You have lied about me, and I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

"Just so, my friend, but first hear what I have to say. Did you ever hear of the press being stopped because the editor was cowhidded?"

"I dunno."

"Well, you never did. Lick me all you choose and my paper comes out week after week just the same. The power of the press is next to the lever which moves the universe. It makes or breaks parties, builds up or tears down, plants or destroys. Aggravate the editor and the press becomes a sword to wound and kill. Wallop me if you will, but next week I'll come out more bitter than ever."

There was an embarrassing silence right here, and the face of each horsewhipper had an anxious look.

"It will go out to the world—to America, Canada, England, France—aye! clear to Jerusalem—that the Carson family of this county live on roots and johnny-cake, that they stole a dog from a blind man; that they murdered a peddler for a pair of two-shilling suspenders; that the women are club-footed and the men work their ears when they sing; that the—"

"What is the regular subscription price to the *Herald?*" interrupted Carson.

"Only twelve shillings a year."

"Put us four down."

"Very well—six dollars—that's correct. Run in and see me—all of you—and if any of you want to see any of my Detroit exchanges I shall be only too glad to serve you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

What the Photographer Said.

"Sit right there."

"Move over a little."

"A little more to the left."

"Ah! that's too much."

"Hold your chin up."

"Look about there."

"Drop your left hand."

"Put your feet a little closer together."

"Let me brush the hairs off your shoulder."

"I must fix your head again."

"Now let me see."

"Drop your right shoulder a trifle."

"That's good. Now lower your chin."

"Now look as pleasant as you can."

"That right foot is out too much."

"Look out for your chin. There—just so."

"Now you are all right. Let me see."

"Now think of something funny."

"Guess you'd better look at this photograph. Keep your eyes wide open and wink as often as you like."

"There! that'll do. No—your chin is too high. Down—down—that's it."

"Now smile."

"That's it."

"Chest out."

"Shoulders up"

"Drop your hand."

"Once more now—smile."

"There!"

"Well, this is a pretty fair picture, but I guess you'd better sit again. It looks blurry around the eyes."—*Free Press.*

HOPS.

Hop Fields of Central New York—How Hops are Gathered.

The first crop of hops raised in America was grown by James D. Cooledge in the town of Madison, New York, in 1808, who collected for his hopfield what roots could be spared from single hills in his neighbors' gardens. With these home-grown hops he supplied local breweries; and in 1816 Mr. Cooledge had progressed so far and so profitably that he took a crop to New York city for sale. His neighbor, Solomon Root, in 1817 followed him in the enterprise, and sold his first crop of two tons for $1,000 per ton. Then every farmer thereabouts that could get a few roots was ambitious to have a hopfield; and from this beginning the surrounding sections in Madison, Oneida and Otsego counties have developed the industry, till this section of New York has come to be known as the "Kent of America," because of its flourishing hop gardens. Though hops are now raised in a somewhat fitful manner in other counties of the State, and in all but three of the States and Territories of the Union, yet the New York counties mentioned have in recent years raised more than all the rest of the United States; and New York may fairly be called the hop-growing State; for in 1870, when the entire crop of the country was 25,456,669 pounds, she raised 17,558,681 pounds within her own limits.

Hops are used in domestic bread-making, by druggists, and by bakers and distillers for yeast; but their chief market is among brewers of beer. The brewers use from one and a quarter to three pounds of hops to a barrel of beer, according as a "light" or "heavy" beer is sought. English brewers "hop" their beer more heavily than American. Every bale of hops will on the average "hop" a hundred barrels of beer. The official records of the internal revenue department declare that in the year previous to June 1, 1880, 13,347,110 barrels of beer were consumed in the United States. This home consumption of a beverage-requiring annually over 133,000 bales of hops in its manufacture, coupled with the usual demands of the English market, shows that American hop-culture may now be fairly rated among the established industries of the country.

In late years the hop harvest in Central New York begins about the 20th of August, and the problem of harvesting is one of the most serious that confronts the extensive hop-grower. Every available man, woman and child that can pull a cluster of hops from a vine is summoned from the cities and villages surrounding the hop districts; hence for many of the working classes in the inland cities of New York the annual hop harvest becomes their vacation time, the Saratoga of their recreations, for the aroma rising from the hop is a health-giving tonic to the human system, that for the health-seeker will compare favorably with the tonic waters of our popular American spa. The average price now paid in the section about Waterville, New York, is fifty cents per box of seven bushels, or thirty-five cents and board. The National bank of Waterville in 1880 paid out $100,000 to hop-pickers at the end of the hop harvest. One man and wife who picked eleven boxes per day stood at the head in last year's harvest. The average is perhaps three boxes per day for each picker, and the harvest lasts nearly a month. One diligent old woman of Brookfield, New York, once earned alone $100 in hop harvest, and the name "Old Hundred" still clings to her as a memorial of the work of her deft fingers.

Waterville—a village of some two thousand inhabitants, situated in the extreme southern part of Oneida county—is from its position the hop center of Central New York. Thither flock the agents of the great breweries of the country; here swarm, soon after hop harvest, the hop exporters and commission men of the metropolis; and here live a vast number of extensive hop-growers—farmers whose capital, acquired in hop-culture, has raised them to a plane in the business where they can both control large farms and act as commission dealers in the commodity.

The rush for meals is always a notable feature of a day in the hop fields, for hop-hunger is proverbial. What the ozone of the sea air is to the inhabitant of the rural districts, or the bracing atmosphere of the north woods is to the dweller in the metropolis, the appetizing hop fields are to many a dyspeptic among the hop-pickers. On the large farms breakfast is often served by candle-light, before the first peep of day. The call to dinner comes at 11 o'clock, and supper at five, and in some fields the hungry humanity waits till after dark for the evening meal. Barrels of drinking water are constantly kept in the large fields for the convenience of the pickers.

Not only the catering but the sleeping arrangements for so many hop-pickers are parts of the annual problem of the hop harvest. In one farm visited forty-four beds were crowded into the "women's room," and an equal number in the sleeping-room for the men.

The hop sections of Central New York, as the harvest nears its close, look like a limitless Indian encampment, as the twenty-foot hop-poles are stacked after picking in a manner closely resembling the frame of an aboriginal wigwam, and it is a singular coincidence that these wigwam-studded hopfields are the very grounds which the Oneidas of olden time frequented as they raised their cone-shaped habitations of those early days.

Some hop-growers, instead of using two long poles to every hill of hops, train their hops upon strings, thus needing fewer poles. Fields of hops that have been trained in the "tent method," with strings and the wire-strung yards, present a truly beautiful sight when heavily laden with gracefully bowing vines that are luxuriant with fat green cones. String yards are increasing in popularity in the New York hop gardens, and English growers favorably speak of this method as the "American plan." There is in it a considerable saving of expense in the item of poles, which are imported from Canada for the New York growers at an average cost of eleven cents each.

From the box to the bale is a critical transition for the hop, and the most successful growers have now learned to pay the best attention to the curing processes. A box-tender, responding to the cry of "Hop sack" from the picker, carefully rolls the green picked hops into sacks, and hop wagons at the close of the day transport them to the curing-houses. The hop sacks, on arrival from the field, are emptied into the lattice-floored chamber of the hop kiln, and spread to the depth of ten inches. A wood or coal stove in the apartment below creates a strongly heated current of air, that rises through the hops, drying out the moisture in its passage to the cowl. Fumes of sulphur are introduced at the same time from below to bleach the hop, that it may better suit the eye of a purchaser, and sulphur does not injure the active principle of the hop, except when used in excess. The hop-drier cures at night the hops that have been picked during the day. On some farms as many as five kilns are in service contemporaneously during a night.

When the hops have been spread in the drying chambers, the hop-drier lights his fire below, and watches the increasing temperature and all the thermometer changes, the draughts below and the escapes above, with the vigilance of an engineer of an express train with hand on the lever, for a "scorch" or a "smudge" will utterly ruin the hop sample. In some parts of Germany hops are wholly sun-dried, but such curing would not do in American hop-culture. After being kiln-dried, hops are spread in the store-rooms, where natural currents of air through opposite windows complete the drying process, when the baling begins. A bale of hops is one and a half feet high, two and a half feet broad, and four and a half feet long, weighing from 180 to 200 pounds. They are now commonly pressed into this bale by a lever press, though formerly they were stamped in by two men. The old method necessarily injured somewhat the hops by its clumsy grinding process.

Hops may safely be classed as one of the most peculiar and interesting of American crops, and withal most profitable, where they can be raised so as to secure large yields, as in Central New York. Their culture calls for the most intelligent study on the part of American growers.—*Harper's Weekly.*

HEALTH HINTS.

Laws of Life is in favor of invalids, or for that matter, well people, sleeping in about the same temperature that they live in during the day. It thinks that persons confined largely in the house during the day make a mistake in sleeping in rooms absolutely cold at night.

Laws of Life does not consider pine-apples very good food. They are indigestible as compared with other fruits. The fiber is apt to be woody and to aggravate dyspeptic conditions. Bananas, except in peculiar conditions which are entirely personal, may be eaten with benefit and without disturbance. They form one of the most nutritious and palatable articles of diet. Their effect upon the bowels is very good, and they are every way worthy of a place among the best of fruits.

Great quantities of paris green are used during some seasons of the year and as accidents may happen, it is well to know the antidote for the poison. Paris green owes its deadly properties to arsenic, as does London purple. Should either of these be taken into the stomach let the person drink copious draughts of milk, or raw eggs beaten up, and as soon as possible give an emetic, mustard is as good as anything, and keep up the action of vomiting by giving milk between the paroxysms of vomiting. When the stomach no longer rejects what is swallowed, give a good dose of castor oil.

To prevent hair from falling out or turning gray, take a teacupful of dried sage, and boil it in a quart of soft water for twenty minutes. Strain it off and add a piece of borax the size of an English walnut; pulverize the borax. Put the sage tea, when cool, into a quart bottle; add the borax; shake well together, and keep in a cool place. Brush the hair thoroughly and rub the wash well on the head with the hand. Then after a good hard rubbing, brush the hair well before a fire so it will become dry.—*Exchange.*

Professor Ira Remson, of the Johns Hopkins university, has been investigating the effect of cast-iron stoves on health—whether the stoves do or do not allow deleterious gases to escape. The verdict is in favor of the stoves. Professor Remsen finds that carbonic oxide—the gas alleged to be so deleterious—does not pass through red-hot cast-iron even of the thickness of an eighth of an inch. Moreover, a careful examination did not in any one instance detect any deleterious gas given out by a well constructed furnace. Where carbonic oxide gas is found, its presence, it is declared, is not due to its passing through cast-iron in any appreciable quantity.

A Wedding in Wyoming.

Camping near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the postmaster.

"It is now half-past 2, and at 3 there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Burton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected justice of the peace about a month ago, and, as this will behis first attempt at marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old 'squire's cabin. We found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, the galoots thet got up these 'yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half a dozen times, an' can't find a dod blasted word about metermony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple, hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh," said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people 'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the 'squire, who began:

"Feller citizens, this 'yar man an' this 'yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game of tuk to a higher court let him now toot his bazoo or else keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor o' me perceedin' as orthorized by the law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contary, 'no.'"

Nobody said "no."

"The motion's carried unan'mously, an' the court rules that thar hain't nothin' to pervent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll freeze to 'Mandy furever an' ever? That ye'll love 'er an' pervide fur 'er an' treat 'er squar an' white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws of the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that you'll nuss him in sickness an' be squar' to him in wellness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment for such offenses; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as justice o' the peace, in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalize ye to remain as sich now an' furevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your soul an' bless this union with his heftiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.—*Oil City Derrick.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Women as Hotel Clerks.

The Chicago *News* says: A new field in an entirely unexpected quarter has been opened up for woman's labor in Chicago. In all the agitation that has been made for the broadening of the sphere of woman's work, it has never been suggested that a place might be found for them in clerical positions of trust in our leading hotels. The first man to move in the direction has been Potter Palmer, and the experiment has proven to be a success in one of the finest hotels in the world.

The appearance at the cashier's desk of the Palmer house of a bright young lady, who discharged the duties of the position with all the expedition and complacency of a man of trained experience, challenged public attention. To a reporter Mr Palmer explained yesterday the reasons which induced him to introduce the innovation. He says that for some time he has been convinced that for such positions women were more apt to give complete satisfaction than men, and recently he and his partner determined to make the experiment. He continued: "We concluded to offer such a salary as would command the best talent.

"Of course this was flying in the prejudice of a very large class of very excellent people who do not believe that ladies should be employed in public capacities at all. The success of our experiment has shown the fallacy of that theory. At present we give employment to three ladies in our office. Two of them are cashiers and one a bookkeeper. To one of these ladies at the cashier's desk we pay $1,000 a year and board, to another $900 per year and board, and to our bookkeeper we pay $600 and board. If they choose to live away from the hotel we give them an additional allowance of $500 per year. These salaries look big for ladies, but they have the talent, do the work, and we are much better satisfied than we were with our male employes. Of course we cannot make room-clerks of ladies, but the trial that we have made has been so satisfactory that wherever they may be properly employed in the Palmer house, we shall substitute them for men."

From another source it was ascertained that the apartments assigned to the ladies in the house are very elegantly furnished, and in quite as good locations as those set apart for distinguished guests. The proprietors of the Palmer feel satisfied that their example will be followed before long by the most prominent hotel proprietors in this country.

Fashion Notes.

Orange in small dashes or stripes is a very effective color.

Metallic threads are thrown into the web of new stockings.

Buckles and clasps will be much worn on all parts of costumes.

Hair lines of gold in striped stockings match those in new goods.

Wreaths of flowers around the head are revived for evening wear.

Shaded and mixed effects appear in the new ostrich plumes and tufts.

Heather mixture in stockings correspond with those in new cheviots.

Some bonnets have narrow ribbon strings, but the majority have very wide ones.

Coarse, ill-finished beads introduced in trimmings are considered in very bad taste.

Diadem wreaths of artificial flowers will be very fashionable for full evening dress.

Derby felt hats come out under the names of Ascot, Cornell, Elswick and Bristol.

Little roosters have taken the place of little pigs and baby elephants as chain trinkets.

Scarfs of chenille and of black Spanish lace are very fashionable to wear over light dresses.

The "John" redingote, an English affair, resembling a coachman's livery, is still in great favor.

Floral garnitures, including the diadem garland for the head, are being prepared for ball toilets.

Puffs of surah instead of frills are frequently seen in the neck and at the wrists of imported dresses.

Monograms, ciphers and initials play a prominent part in the ornamentation of toilets and their accessories.

Birds, cut in half from beak to tail, are used for hat trimmings, laid flat on the side of the crown and brim.

Straight linen bands are revived for collars; the cuffs to match are square, and fastened with linked buttons.

Neckerchiefs of bright foulard have pretty lace borders appliqued on with light gold embroidery in chain stitch.

Large crosses are again very fashionable as pendants, supported by a large cable chain half resting on the shoulders.

All large bonnets are classed as pokes; small ones as turbans and cottage shapes. There are no Fanchons as yet.

The new beaded trimmings are made highly artistic in finish by the use of beads of graduated sizes and of the finest quality.

New bias ties of gay plaid and soft twilled silk, in bright stripes, are worn either as cravat bows or scarfs passed around the neck.

The new striped novelty goods, shot with golden hair lines, can be used to advantage in making up with old plain stuffs of last winter's dresses.

The most popular flowers for bonnet trimmings at the moment are pansies, irises, palargoniums, nasturtiums and azaleas of velvet, richly tinted according to nature.

Many fall bonnets of large size are trimmed with a wreath of roses or other flowers within the brim, while feathers, pompons, plush or wide ribbons trim the outside.

For boys the court valet costume is the style. It is a square coat fitted in the back, high in the neck, and fastened with small buttons of cut steel down the front to the waist line, where it is slanted off to the back, showing a comparatively long waistcoat, with pockets and cut-steel buttons. The plain sleeves are trimmed with similar buttons.

Working Up Business.

A solemn-looking man recently walked into the office of the Petaluma *Peavine*, and handed a paper over to the advertising clerk and said: "I will pay you your top advertising rates to have that printed in your 'Answers to Correspondents' column every other week during the summer."

The item read:

"Amateur Sailor.—The quickest way to bale out a boat while sailing is to pull out the plug in the bottom."

"I'm afraid we can't do it," said the clerk, regretfully; upon which the solemn party folded up the paper and walked out with a deep sigh.

"Who is that?" asked the editor, looking up.

"It's the new coroner."—*San Francisco Post.*

A fabulous story of the manufacture of glass is that the Israelites set fire to a forest, and the heat, becoming intense, made the nitre and sand melt and flow along the mountain side, where it melted as glass.

Curious Pets.

There lives in Sandwich, Mass., on the borders of one of the most charming lakes in America, Mrs. F. H. Burgess, who is at present attracting no little notoriety through the relation she sustains to the inhabitants of this lake. It has been her custom once or twice a day for quite a period to feed the fish in this lake, and a few days ago we chanced to be favored with an invitation to witness this novel feast of the finny tribe.

She first splashes the water with her hand, when in a moment there may be seen approaching from every direction hundreds of large shiners, then eels, varying in size from one to three feet in length, may be seen cautiously approaching. Next turtles appear on the surface, ten, twenty and thirty feet away, their necks stretched apparently to see whether it is friend or foe who is disturbing the waters. In less than three minutes these various species had collected directly before her, and as she commences to feed the water is fairly alive with them. They take bread directly from her hands, and turtles would allow her to take them entirely out of the water, and while she held them in one hand they would eat with the greatest voracity from the other. But the eels amused us the most. There was one she called Quinn, measuring about three feet in length, that repeatedly came to the surface, and would glide back and forth through her hands and several times she lifted him partially out of the water, but he was careful to keep his head under. He seemed to feel that she would take no undue liberties with him so long as his head was in its natural element, but the moment he saw daylight he would dart back as only an eel could.

Another small one, about a foot in length, seemed to be particularly fond of her caresses and could be handled about as she pleased, it being understood that she was to remain under water though.

Taken altogether it was one of the most novel entertainments we have ever witnessed, and visitors to this locality should not fail to ask the favor granted to the writer.

The lady is evidently much attached to her pets, and takes pride, as well she may, in showing them.—*Marlboro' Mirror-Journal.*

Dalrymple, the great Northwestern farmer, is said to be more used to the pen than he is to the plow. His hands are soft as those of a girl. There is none of the "horny-fisted" about him.

Art and Oil.

The Norfolk *Virginian*, of January 16, 1881, refers to the remarkable cure effected by St. Jacobs Oil in the case of Professor Cromwell—known the country over for his magnificent art illustrations—who had suffered excruciating torments from rheumatism, until he tried the Oil, whose effects he says were magical.

The story goes that Mrs. Cornwallis West, the far-famed "professional beauty," is coming over with the new British Minister, a kinsman of her husband, to grace the legation establishment.

(Rural New Yorker.)

The best people will vote for the best man every time. And we judge by the number of the St. Jacobs Oil constituency, that it is the best remedy for the rheumatism known. Professor Tice, of St. Louis, among others, says so.

If more corn is cooked for dinner than is required, it need not be wasted; cut it from the cob and heat it for the next meal, adding a little cream or milk, butter, pepper and salt.

"Lies! Big Lies!"

Not so fast, my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths" in another column.

Some of the Protestant clergy of Philadelphia are censuring some of the Catholic clergy for taking part in mock baptismal and marriage ceremonies at a picnic.

☞Pocket Scale, 25c. Howard Mfg Co., N. Y.

25 Cents Will Buy

a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by New York Newspaper Union, 150 Worth Street, New York.

VEGETINE.—The great success of the VEGETINE as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half-dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that consumption can be cured. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

WARRANTED FOR 34 YEARS

AND NEVER FAILED

To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GUARANTEED perfectly harmless, also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest, Such a remedy is DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

☞No one once trying it will ever be without it; over 600 physicians use it.

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Vegetine.

Female Weaknesses.

No better remedy in the whole materia medica has yet been compounded for the relief and cure of Female Complaints, of the ordinary kind, than VEGETINE. It seems to act in those cases with unwonted certainty, and never fails to give a new and healthful tone to the female organs, to remove relaxed debility and unhealthy secretions, and restore a healthful vigor and elasticity. One of the most common of these complaints is Leucorrhœa or Whites, which are brought on either by the presence of Scrofula in the system, or by some affection of the womb, or even by general debility. For all these complaints, and when danger begins to threaten woman at the turn of life, VEGETINE can be commended without qualification. The great prevalence of these disorders, and their cure by VEGETINE, has amply shown that the sure alleviating agent remains not yet to be discovered, but is already known, and is a favorite with American ladies. Too long has it been the custom to prescribe nauseating and uncertain remedies in place of what is pleasant, efficacious and cheap. Try VEGETINE, and do not doubt its power to carry you safely through danger and disease.

A Splendid Medicine---Heart and Kidney Disease, Female Weakness.

GRIGGSVILLE, Ill., July 25, 1877.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston—Dear Sir: I was afflicted with *Heart* and *Kidney Disease*, and other *Female Weaknesses*, and doctored with several physicians and received no benefit until I tried your VEGETINE, and after taking two bottles I was completely cured, and have been a healthy woman ever since, although I am in my 66th year. I do heartily recommend it as a splendid medicine to all afflicted as I have been and I bless the day that it fell into my hands.

MRS. MARIA HOBSON.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

Self-Defense.

To a criminal neglect of preventive medication may be ascribed a majority of the ailments which affect humanity. It is a well-ascertained fact, resting on the experience of over twenty-five years, that a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will put even a naturally feeble system in such a state of defense that it will be competent to resist the most prevalent causes of disease, such as the malign influence of miasma, unwholesome water, excessive heat, damp, cold, sudden changes of temperature, etc. Yet there are thousands of persons living in perpetual peril from one or more of these causes, who recklessly omit to avail themselves of the absolute protection which this famous vegetable antidote affords. Intermittent and bilious remittent fevers, rheumatism, general debility, nervous weakness and irregularities of the stomach, bowels and liver, would be comparatively unknown, if this palatable specific were in universal use in the districts where they principally prevail.

The origin of congratulations, gifts and visits on New Year's day is ascribed to Romulus. The usual presents were dates or figs, covered with gold leaf, and accompanied by a piece of money, which was expended to purchase the statues of some deities.

Not a Beverage.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them."—*Rochester Evening Express on Hop Bitters.*

The most highly civilized races are those plentifully supplied with beards. Beardless people are compared to child dren and the bearded to the adults of the human race.

No Woman Need Suffer

When Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure can be so easily obtained and so safely used.

There were 19,388 births in Philadelphia last year, there being an excess of 766 males. The deaths numbered 17,711.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on the seashore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs. 15c.

The only natural hair renewer is CARBOLINE a deodorized extract of petroleum, prepared without distillation or rectification with acids or alkalies, containing no mineral or other poisons, and as clear and pure as spring water.

(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

A STANDARD REMEDY

IN MANY HOMES.

For **Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis** and all other affections of the **Throat** and **LUNGS,** it stands unrivaled and utterly beyond all competition.

IN CONSUMPTIVE CASES

It approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with. There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL! IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM!

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors,

CINCINNATI, O.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NYNU—40

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It contains the full history of his noble and eventful life and dastardly assassination. Millions of people are waiting for this book. The best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "catchpenny" imitations. This is the only authentic and fully illustrated life of our martyred President Send for circulars and extra terms to agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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